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FAYETTEVILLE, ARKANSAS

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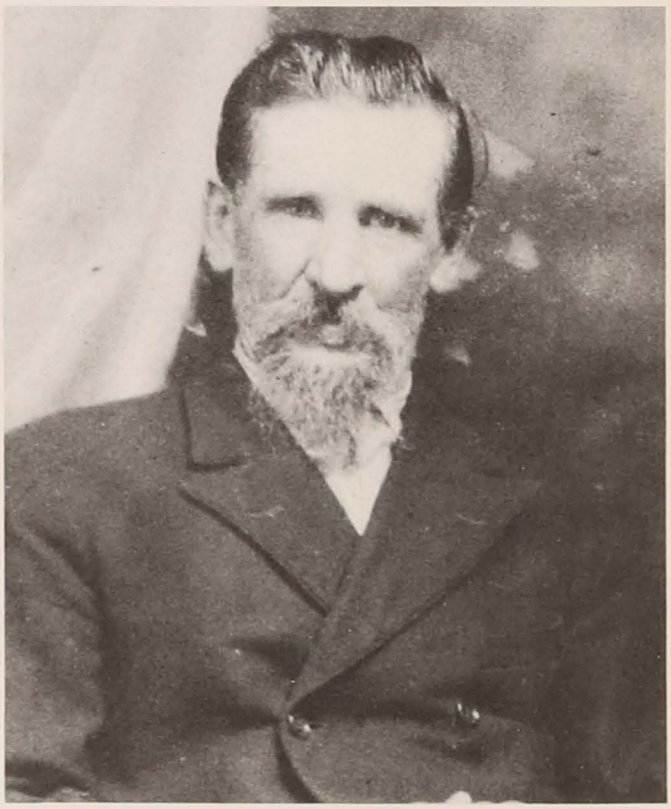
FRANCIS MARION ANDERSON was born in Madison County, Arkansas, near the Washington County line on the upper reaches of White River. February 12, 1842. He became the owner of a 500-acre well improved farm. In June, 1861 he enlisted in Captain Boone's Co. I, 16th Ark. Inf., which was formed in Washington County. His services included the battles at Pea Ridge, Farmington, Iuka and Corinth. Later he was wounded by a bursting shell, taken prisoner, but escaped the enemy while en route to Springfield, Mo. After the war he resumed farming operations.

On October 6, 1867, Mr. Anderson married Nancy Jane Stewart, who was born April 25, 1843, the daughter of James D. Stewart, born Feb. 1, 1814, and Frances (Montgomery) Stewart, born September 26, 1818.

Francis Marion Anderson died January 10, 1929, and his wife, Nancy Jane, on August 12, 1921. Both are buried in the Walnut Grove cemetery at Crosses, Ark.

(See story on Page 1 and in the near future FLASHBACK will have a genealogy of the family, including those who have made their homes in Washington County.)



FRANCIS MARION ANDERSON

NANCY JANE ANDERSON

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson were the parents of the following six sons:

William Lee Anderson

John Wesley Anderson

David Walker Anderson

Robert Timothy Anderson

Thomas Gunter Anderson

James Alfred Anderson

FRANCIS MARION ANDERSON, THE MAN

Obituary - St. Paul Air

"Another Old Confederate Veteran Passes Away" - Thursday, January 17, 1929 - Marion Anderson, age 87, died at the home of his son, T. G. Anderson, at Crosses, Thursday evening, Jan. 10th at 8:50 o'clock. He had been confined to his bed for the past two years, due to the infirmities of age. Mr. Anderson was born and reared in Madison county and was one among the country's most widely known and respected citizens. He was born Feb. 12, 1842. He was a member of the M. E. Church, South, and a member of the Masonic Lodge at Elkins. He served through the entire period of the Civil War as a Confederate soldier.

Besides other relatives he is survived by five sons, D. W. Anderson of Huntsville, Will Anderson of Delaney, and R. T. Anderson, T. G. Anderson and Jas. Anderson of Crosses.

Funeral services were held Friday afternoon at Crosses.

An Old Apple Tree

Huntsville - Marion Anderson of Crosses has an apple tree on his farm that he set out in 1853, and which is still in a vigorous condition. The tree is about four feet in diameter and has been bearing fruit over 60 years. An annual yield of 40 bushels has been the average. It is believed to be the largest and oldest tree in the county. Mr. Anderson, who is in his 84th year, served in the armies of the Confederacy throughout the Civil War and has been a successful farmer for many years.

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The above news item of unknown authorship has been going the rounds of our exchanges for some time. In the main it is true but the details are not correctly given. Mr. Anderson has been in Huntsville the past several days and the Record has obtained from him first hand the following authentic history of the tree referred to:

The tree was planted in 1859 by James Stewart, the father-in-law of Mr. Anderson. During the early part of the Civil War, when the sprout had just fairly begun to grow, some Yankee soldiers stopped at the Stewart farm to get a drink of water, and one of them wantonly cut out the top of the young tree for a riding switch. This act was never forgotten by the Stewart and Anderson families and it was possibly that which all the more endeared the tree to them and caused it always afterward to receive extraordinary care and cultivation. At the zenith of the tree's growth and vigor it measured eight feet in circumference and had a spread of sixty feet. One year it produced seventy-five bushels of apples. The fruit is beautifully colored and deliciously flavored and its variety has been successfully propagated by the Parker Bros. nursery company at Fayetteville and is widely advertised by that company as "Anderson's Southland." The old tree is now rapidly decaying. -- Huntsville Record.

Grandpa As We Remember Him

Stands On His Head - Grandpa's antics were a delight to all the children, and he never disappointed them. He often auctioneered at the pie suppers, the great social events of that day. In order to keep the bidding brisk, he would do all sorts of jigs and gymnastics. The children were always amused to see him stand on his head...which he frequently did. Now, do you wonder why Jim Carter wore that funny stocking cap when he played high school basketball? Or why John D. can so suddenly break into action and "cut a pigeon wing"???? I don't! They're doing what comes naturally...from Grandpa!

Pie Supper - Grandpa always made up wonderful stories about each pie he auctioned at the suppers. The owners of the pies were transformed by his wit and humor into beautiful young girls excelling in cooking and others of the homemaking arts. When one of his granddaughters had a pie to sell, he would really "go to town." When Ava sold her first pie, he really gave her pie a build-up, then went on to describe the beauty and cooking ability of the young lady who baked it. The price of the pie went higher and higher...but Grandpa kept the bidding up...and bought the pie himself!

Letter from W. H. Hughes (teacher who boarded in Anderson home)

1923 Washington Ave.
Conway, Arkansas
July 28, 1963

Mrs. H. H. Griffith, Sec.
Elkins, Arkansas

Dear Mrs. Griffith:

Your kind invitation to attend the Anderson Family Reunion came while I was desperately ill in Conway Memorial Hospital, where I'm still confined between two crucial surgeries, and the outcome is mere conjecture. Like others of my generation the long years are taking their toll, sometimes swiftly.

I knew Mr. Anderson in "the dear dead days beyond recall" and counted him a cherished friend. His advice was always alike an aid and inspiration.

He was always the loyal Confederate soldier, and held high the honor of the cause he so bravely upheld on hard fought fields. I attended a Confederate Reunion in Memphis, with Mr. Anderson in 1909, and was impressed with how sturdily he marched in the great parade, and how his vibrant personality impressed his comrades, his vibrant recitation of the poignant poems of Father Ryan, Poet Laureate of the Confederacy. He had the most marvelous memory, and both the Bible and Shakespeare were open books to him.

Mr. Anderson was one of the supremely great men of his generation and his figure looms larger with the passing years. Even as much

as Lee and Longstreet and other leaders of the loved and "Lost Cause"--although he never considered its ideals lost. Marion Anderson belongs to history now, and his fame and future are forever secure.

I have hoped that someone might write the story of his absorbing career for the "Arkansas Historical Quarterly."

I deeply appreciate your invitation, and regret immeasurably the inability of myself and daughter to attend. May your Society grow in influence across the years.

Sincerely,

William Herschel Hughes

(Copy of letter submitted by Billie L. Anderson Griffith in regard to Grandpa Marion Anderson.)

Gift to Community for Church and Cemetery

Recorded in Deed Record Book K at page 396 of deed records of Madison County, Arkansas. Deed to land for Church and Cemetery at Walnut Grove:

"We, F. M. Anderson and Nancy Anderson, his wife, of the County of Madison and State of Arkansas, have this day given, sold, and by these presents do grant and sell to the Protestant Methodist and M. E. Church South, also the Christian Order and all Baptist denominations of the County of Madison and State aforesaid for the consideration of $1.00 in hand paid by said Churches for the following described parcel or lot of land to wit:

> A part of the SE 1/4 of the SE 1/4 of Section 14, Township Range 28 West, commencing at a stone corner near the public road thence running west to a corner stone near the old field branch, thence down said branch running a north direction to the meeting house branch, thence down said branch in an east direction to the public road, thence up said road in a south direction to the beginning.

Situation lying and being in the state aforesaid to have and to hold the same to the said churches forever. We covenant to said churches that we are lawfully seized of said land and have a good rite to convey said land and that the same is unincumbered, and bind ourselves, our heirs, executors and administrators to warrant and defend the title of said land to said Churches forever.

In testimony whereof we have set our hands and seals this the 22nd day of July, 1879

/s/ F. M. Anderson

Attest:
H. W. Murrin
James Maloy

/s/ Nancy Anderson"

Cyclone at Crosses

November 8, 1969: On this date, ninety years ago, a storm or cyclone of some intensity swept through that part of White River Valley--Madison County--at, or near, the little hamlet of Crosses. The seemingly odd name derives from the fact that practically every early settlement was at the mouth of a creek--in this case, Cross' Creek. The Census of 1840, Hilburn Township (inclusive of present Valley Township), lists Mr. Cross. Later on, when the railroad came through and post offices were established to meet the needs of increased population, "Creek" was dropped, and "Cross'" became "Crosses."

Mr. Walden, an early Washington County Methodist church worker, gives a brief account of this storm in his Journal, an excerpt of which appeared in an early number of "Washington County Historical Society Flashback." (Note 1) The children of Francis M. and Nancy Stewart Anderson "grew up" on this story, and handed it down to their own children and grandchildren. Over the years, slightly different versions are told of the injuries, and destruction at the Burkett home. This account would seem to be authentic, and could scarcely be challenged at this late date. The six young Anderson boys peered through the unchinked log walls to view the storm at the height of its fury, the horror and fear of the memory of it showing in their eyes years afterward in the telling of it.

One little girl at the Burkett home was found unharmed sitting on a feather bed in the limbs of a peach tree; feathers were found scattered all the way to High Rock Mountain. The site of the house which was blown down is a short distance off Highway -?- about equally distant from Crosses and Walnut Grove Cemetery. (Note 2)

The well which was in use then is still covered with the sturdy, rustic stone curb in sections, topped by a thick slab centered by a smallish round opening, chiseled away by a strong, patient workman's hand, one wonders how many years ago.

After the storm had passed, Mr. Burkett came running to the Andersons' to check on them and to report the damages at his place, not more than one-eighth to one-fourth mile away. With his head bared and blood trickling down his face, he was reported to have exclaimed, "Jeemes Rivers! We've all been blown away!"

(Note 1)-FLASHBACK Vol. IV, No. 4 July, 1954. Excerpts from "The Journals of James A. Walden, Methodist Minister" No. 5 in the WCHS Bulletin Series: "Nov. 28, 1879 - Bro. Clayton, Bro. Alex Greathouse and I went to Conference at Ozark in my hack. On Nov. 10 we stopped at F. M. Anderson's on White River to see Rev. J. M. Woolen of Boston Mountain Mission. He had been caught in a cyclone at Mr. Burkett's house. The house was blown away. Rev. W. had his right leg crushed by the falling chimney. This happened on Nov. 8 and his leg had just been amputated by Dr. Wood of Fayetteville and Dr. Williams of Maguire's Store. He died on Wednesday following."

(Note 2)-The number of the highway is 16. The "little girl" mentioned was Martha Blevins, step-daughter of Mr. Burkett. The name of Joseph A. Cross appears on a list of names in the Madison Co. census of Arkansas 1840, in Hilburn Twp. The earliest records from the archives of the post office department list the appointment of Joseph R. (or A.) Cross as first postmaster for St. Paul, on Sept. 19, 1840. He was succeeded by John C. Sumner on Sept. 22, 1842. (The flourishes and curlicues employed by some early penmen are fascinating, but not always decipherable.) The Crosses post office was discontinued a number of years ago, following the industrial decline of the late '20's and the '30's. Train service from Fayetteville through the Valley was withdrawn. Those were the days when families could stop along any stretch of White River for an outing--a picnic, a camping or fishing party--before our good highways invited litterbugs from far and near to bring their loads of discarded furniture, tin cans, and all types of unsightly debris to pollute the streams, the air, and to strew the former picnic areas formed by nature with broken glass, which automatically spoiled the barefoot fun of both children and the adults at the shallow depths along the picturesque stream. In rainy seasons these immense deposits are scattered and partially floated away, only to be replaced by another year's accumulation of the same. Small wonder that whole lakes and many once-beautiful rivers are so polluted or classified as "dead", that our wild life areas are mute and deserted! - Hester A. Avery

My Grandfather by Hester A. Avery

The years I knew my grandfather Anderson best were not too far from the dreadful war years that claimed his step-brother, William Burkett, his comrade-in-arms, Fred Shoffner, as well as his close neighbors. As children we must have been coached not to ask questions about the war. He sang funny songs to us, trotted us on his knee, called all of our dolls "Katy-Betsy", and wept openly at the singing and playing of "My Maryland".

My grandfather, F. M. Anderson, was enlisted under the name of his step-father Burkett, as a member of Co. I, Ark. 16th Inf. Frederick T. Shpfner was killed in ambush on White River in 1864 and is buried in Wesley cemetery. Mortally wounded, he was carried to the home of James D. Stewart where his wife and daughter and women of the neighborhood came in to minister to him and to pray and prepare him spiritually. Shofner's sister came under cover of darkness to return his body to his parents for burial. This is an oft-told story, for the Stewart's daughter became the wife of F. M. Anderson, my grandfather.

Two sons of my grandfather were named David Walker Anderson and Thomas Gunter Anderson; one grandson, Patrick Cleburne; a granddaughter, Dixie Lee, and his first grandson was named Rebel William Lee Anderson.

I have no wish to have you single out my Civil War grandfather for special mention, but only to add a touch of intimacy about these brave young men.

OLD CIRCUIT COURT RECORDS - 1865-66

by Lloyd McConnell

In August, 1865, Judge Elias Harrell of the Eighth Judicial District of Arkansas, presided at the regular term of Court. To serve with him came Grand Jurors George Cline, William L. Alexander, Owen Ramey, Henderson Bates, John R. Wilson, James K. Sawyers, William Strickler, Wilson Shreve, Wilson Phillips, Maston Gregg, James S. West, Thomas McKnight, James Johnson, Bracken Lewis, John A. Rutherford and George S. Albright.

John Phillips was chosen to replace Thomas McKnight. George Cline was appointed as foreman of the grand jury.

To serve on the petit jury for this term came Richard Dye, Thomas Brown, Samuel Miller, Henry Cate, Thomas Edmondson, A. B. Murphy, John Hunt, Nathan Combs, Calvin Rutherford, Charles Cate, Wesley Barnes, and James Williford.

A juryman became ill, and William H. Rhea was called to replace him. The clerk of the Circuit Court was George W. M. Reed.

A charge against William Wells was abated by the death of the defendant, and it was noted that in many cases the death of one or more of the parties was noted. The casualties of war may have reached deeply into the records of the Courts of that day.

James Carlile, Peter Mankins and Columbus Jackson were names on the civil docket. William Hunt maintained a suit against a number of citizens including Leonard Trammell, Baker Pidcock, David T. Smith, Singleton Trammell, George W. Drain, John Ritter, John Masters, John Reed, James Enyart and Henry Snyder.

Newton Stouth and William Whinnery were bondsmen for Jerald Carter on a charge of larceny. John Reed and Edward Clanton were named as bondmen. Isam Burrow faced a charge of larceny. George W. Mackey, John M. Cox, Charles Dill, Francis Dill and John Boyles signed bonds for defendants in criminal cases.

J. D. Henry, John Mays, and William Todd signed a bond for Fed McGoo.

James P. Carlisle was a Justice of the Peace for Prairie Township. W. C. Graham served in that capacity at West Fork. Audrey Skillern sued James Bledsoe and Stark Mhoon. William D. Rogers filed against John H. Goodman and S. R. Lafame. James A. L. McCullough sued Robert Spender.

On February 6, 1866 the Court was adjourned until tomorrow at 1 o'clock P.M. On that day it was adjourned until the next morning. On Wednesday it was adjourned until Court in course, meaning the next regular term.

Suits were filed by Henry McRoy against Lafayette Boone, and by John Holcomb against Daniel Howery.

In May, 1866, Judge Harrell opened the regular term of court. Serving with him at this term were Thomas Wilson, N. K. Hanks, Richard Dye, W. W. Brownlee, W. D. Rogers, Isaac N. Hulse, William Reese, Jacob Q. Johnson, D. Robinson, Thomas J. Carlisle, John Lichlyter, James M. Campbell, James Ritter, John A. Dinst, Philip Grigory, David Carter, Lafayette Brooks, William Springston, and E. S. Cox.

Martha Tilley was Administratrix of the estate of John Tilley, deceased. An indictment against George W. Mackey was dismissed.

Serving on the petit jury in the spring of 1866, were Elisha Dyer, William F. Wilson, John Mayes, W. J. Mays, Porter M. Ownbey John Payne, John Strickler, William Neill, Jackson Dyer, William Strickler, and James Cavin.

Listed on the court dockets were the names of John Mock, Samuel Alberty, John L. Whitsitt, Adam Reed, Jackson Dyer, Ambrose Clark, Andrew Y. Cox, John McCravens, William Chapman, John Rutherford, Sr., and John Rutherford, Jr.

The name Rutherford had long been pronounced as Releford, especially in the West Fork Country. One Rutherford said he thought his name was Releford until he went to Texas, and found out different.

Annette Dickerson, B. F. Johnson, Joel A. Combs, Wade H. Pollard, Thomas Williford and Thomas Rollins were parties to actions before Judge Harrell.

Fielding Hash sued George W. Reed and John Reed. William F. Wilson lawed Hiram Barron, and John Billingsley, for ninety-seven dollars and fourteen cents.

A two-cent United States Revenue stamp was attached to a credit memorandum on a debt mentioned in the judgment docket in 1886. The government has been collecting revenue for a long time.

Elias Hutchens, James D. Henry, John R. Keller, William A. Vernon, William Henson, James Maloy, Joseph Lewis, James L. Carlisle, Peter Mankins and Columbus Jackson were parties in suits.

John Trott charged as an accessory before the fact to murder offered a bond for $10,000 signed by Presly R. Smith, John Holcomb, Benjamin H. Prigram, and Jefferson Tollett as sureties.

William McIlroy sought an attachment in connection with a suit for debt.

Thomas Barron was charged with murder on May 20th, 1866. his death was noted on the courts docket. Another indictment charged Nelson Malicoat with a killing. This case was nolprossed. He was discharged and told to go hence without delay.

The Peter Van Winkle Company sued Ferdinand Zellner. Thomas I. Blakemore filed against John H. Goodman. James Mayes refused to plead when he was charged with a murder, and the Court entered a plea of not guilty for him.

On May 29, 1866, the State held James Sisemore in custody on a murder charge. Sisemore refused to plead either way and the Court entered a plea for him, and ordered a panel of jurors to the box to try him. The jury included Lafayette Brooks, W. Z. Mays, A. J. McRoy, Marvin Coffee, J. P. Porter, John Watts, William Jack, Samuel Hanna, Amos Ruckman, James Dickinson, James Huffacre and Abraham Jack. Sisemore was found not guilty and discharged.

Noel G. Rutherford was the Administrator of the estate of William T. Graham, deceased. James Mayes was docketed on a murder charge and it was nol-prossed, the defendant being fully acquitted of the crime.

The Treasurer of Washington County was ordered to make a full and correct report of all books, records and evidences of debt due the common school fund or the internal improvement fund of Washington County.

E. R. Clark was admitted to practice law on May 31, 1866. The prosecuting attorney took an appeal from the Court order dismissing the murder charge against James Sisemore.

Nancy Graham sued Daniel Howery. A writ of attachment was issued against lands in Section 1, Township 17, Range 29, West, which is the approximate location of the bridge across White River on Highway 68 east of Springdale.

Torts dated "Boonsborough, Arkansas, Dec. 30, 1866," were filed in a complaint against John F. Whitsitt in which Morris Wright and William L. Lewis were plaintiffs.

Evans Atwood filed a divorce action against Lucy J. Atwood on June 15, 1866.

Maston Gregg, mentioned in the first paragraph of this article, was hanged in his orchard near White River east of Springdale, by bushwhackers in 1864. His children cut him down and revived him.

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I REMEMBER ...

by Nora Hammond Walker

(Editor's Note: Mrs. Nora Hammond Walker was born June 15, 1883, in Spring Valley, Washington County, Arkansas. She was the daughter of James Joel Hammond and Eliza Jane Garland Hammond. She attended Baylor Female College, Belton, Texas, and later worked as a telephone operator at Baird. She married Henry Neal Walker, a court reporter, March 29, 1908. He became a railroad engineer and was killed in a derailment accident, leaving her with three small children.

(Mrs. Walker has lived in Fort Worth, Texas, since 1919, and though blind and living alone, has kept an alert civic interest in that city's progress. The Tarrant County Convention Center was dedicated to her in 1968 on its completion, because of her vision in conceiving it and her persistence in spurring its accomplishment.

(Mrs. B. E. Crane, a niece of Mrs. Walker, tells us that Mrs. Walker has a wonderful store of memories of her childhood days at Spring Valley. The following story, as told to Mrs. Crane, is of interest to this area as it gives a picture of life in Washington County about 1885-1895. - TCF)

I wonder if anyone remembers their Mother--Mother holding them in her arms--if they remember sitting in their mother's lap with her arms around them. I remember my mother. I remember her taking me up in her arms. There was an old hen just trying to tear my head off, an old setting hen. Mother had put the old hen and chickens out in the yard. I was on the porch somewhere, and when I saw those little chickens, there was one I wanted. It was kind of black and yellow and fuzzy--the prettiest little thing. I tried to catch it, and the old hen would fuss at me and try to drive me back, then follow her chickens. And here we went across the yard. When I got close enough, down I went and grabbed the little chicken. When I picked it up, that old hen went into my face. I dropped the chicken, screaming and running to my mother. I put my hand on the step to crawl up on the porch when my mother stepped out the door, slapped the old hen back into the yard and picked me up. The old hen had scratched my face and head; Mother took me in, washed the blood from my face and head, then put her arms around me and rocked me. I remember that so plain, so vivid and I know I'll never forget it.

Mother was 19 and Pa was 17, lacking one month of being 18, when they married on the 6th of Feb., 1870. The first house they owned was a log cabin--a one-room log cabin. It didn't have a floor, and with spring and summer coming on, Mother cooked outside. They had a rack to hang the cooking pots on and a skillet and lid that they used as an oven. Ma didn't have a broom. She had no floor to sweep so she gathered branches and limbs to brush out the trash. Later they built another house. The rough floor

was undressed oak. Someone built a fireplace for them, and Mother cooked in the fireplace. This house was near Brush Creek or Spring Valley.

In 1888 when I was five years old Daddy bought a farm in Vaughan Valley. We were related to the Vaughans, and they discovered that Valley. William and Kate walked all the way from Tennessee to Arkansas. They carried a few possessions and had a gun and a dog. They blazed their way through, and when they came to a stream, they cut down saplings and peeled bark from willow or other trees that had a strong bark that they could use to tie poles together to make a bridge or raft. They would tie the raft up when they reached the other side, for future use. They went on blazing trees making a path large enough for a wagon. They came to a mountain with a valley at the foot. They decided to stop there. They built a little lean-to, more like a tepee, for Aunt Kate to live in, and Uncle William went back to Tennessee to bring his brother and family and supplies and tools to plant and cultivate a crop. He left the dog and axe with Aunt Kate. She would cut brush and bring in material to keep a fire burning all night to keep the wild animals away from her tent. He was gone eight months. When he returned he built a one-room log cabin, and Aunt Katie lived there until her death in her nineties. A highway ran through our farm, and a certain distance up this road going east you could look to your right, and you would see a part of Aunt Katie's cabin. I've seen it--the logs were falling down, some hanging together and the chimney crumbling.

George and Harriet Vaughan were friends of my parents. Their children were Jack and Corie. Corie died at age 16 with a fever. She was buried in Vaughan Cemetery. We called it our cemetery. I remember George bought Jack a bicycle--they were later called bicycles--but it had a great big wheel in back and a small one in front. Jack came down to our house to show it off, and I remember he said, "Nora, run races with me." I was always ready to get into anything, so I ran races up and down the road with Jack Vaughan and his big wheel bicycle. George used to pass our house going somewhere in the morning, and my oldest sister, Emmie, would be milking. George would ride up to the lot fence and ask her to bring him some milk, and he would drink it, foam and all, then he would ride off. I remember when George and Harriet attended the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. When they returned they came to spend a Sunday afternoon with us. I remember hearing them tell of the things they saw at the World's Fair.

I was five years old when Pa bought the farm in Vaughan Valley. It was in the winter. Pa had made a table out of cherry wood. It was round and he kept his Bible on that table. In the morning after breakfast, before he started out to work on the farm or in the woods, he would sit down at that table in a homemade chair, pick up his Bible and read. When I would hear his voice, I would run to him, put my hand on his knee and look up in his face as he read. While he was reading the sun was shining on his face as it came through the front window. I didn't understand it--what the Bible was telling us, but I knew it was about God

and that it was something good. Now of all pictures, that is one of the most vivid: my Daddy reading the Bible with the sun shining on his face. Daddy always prayed at the table. We ate in the kitchen--everybody had big kitchens. We had a long table, because we nearly always had extra people--travellers were invited to stop for a meal. Pa and Ma sat at the side with the smallest child next to Ma. I was usually at the end if there was room for me. If we had company I would stand behind Pa's chair. He was the first one through, and I would get his chair. I'd beat Nomi and brother John every time.

When Pa would go up to Hindsville, he'd go early and be back by noon. My sister, Emmie, would want to have the meal ready so they could go to work around the farm. There was a big rock down in front of the big gate that opened into a field that led to the spring. I have no idea how far underground it was, but there was a lot of it exposed, and it was brushed clean. Emmie would want to know when they were coming in from Hindsville or Whitener. The wagon wheels would make a noise in the rocky ruts--a "chug" or a "bump." If it hit a rock--"bump"--or a hole--"chug." Emmie would say, "Go down to that rock and listen and see if you can hear the wagon." I'd go and lay my head down on that rock, lay there and listen. If I didn't hear anything, I'd go back to the house and play. Emmie would call out, "Go back and listen." I'd go back and listen. After a while maybe I'd hear a "bump." Now the wagon was hitting another rock somewhere, and that meant he was coming close by. Then I was released to do what I chose. We always had some one to help with the housework. Some times a neighbor girl, Martha Vaughan, then a woman named Tee Austin. Then Aunt Sis Lewis came to live with us. She was a bashful old maid. She wore a head band around her hair--that was a fashion she never gave up. She never let a man--a strange man--see her face. She wore her bonnet. Around the family she took it off, but it would be close by. Pa was a blacksmith and later a vet, and we had company all the time. Aunt Sis would help cook dinner but just before they'd come in to eat, she'd put on her bonnet and go around there working with it on. She smoked a clay pipe. She was a good person, and we just loved her. We couldn't get along without Aunt Sis.

We had a lot of woodland--I don't know just how many acres my Daddy had. Some of my happiest days were spent in those woods. I'd run to the back of the field, climb the rail fence and run out in the woods. There'd never been an axe or anything in those woods to destroy them in any way. Tall pretty trees and birds. I used to run out there to a wild grapevine and swing and listen to the birds. We had to be careful not to go near fallen trees and stumps, because there might be snakes, and we had to listen for rustling of the leaves because there were wild hogs in the woods. They'd be rooting in the leaves for acorns. There was always a fighting boar in the grove, and he had long tusks. They didn't like people. I'd stay away from stumps and listen for wild hogs. That was all we had to fear. Some of the most beautiful butterflies I've ever seen in my life, I saw in the woods of Arkansas. We had peafowls and guineas, and as long as I stayed in the sound of the peafowls or the guineas, I knew I

was not lost. Now Ma and Emmie would caution me, "Don't go out in the woods." But they knew I'd go. In the spring the huckleberries and gooseberries were ripe. I'd gather them--they were on little bushes--and I'd eat them. The gooseberries were very sour. There were wild grapes and persimmons. Then we had the real black walnut with a hard shell, and hickory nuts, hazel nuts and chinkapins. Now the chinkapins grew in a burr, and they were not mature until it frosted. The persimmons weren't mature 'til it frosted, either. I'd watch for that. If you stuck your teeth into a green persimmon, it would almost draw your mouth together. And if you were barefoot and happened to step on a chinkapin burr that was like a million needles.

We had acres of apple trees, but no peaches. I never saw a peach until we moved to Texas. I'd want an apple--that was before the apples were gathered--so I'd run up and down the rows looking for an apple that looked good to me. I'd climb the tree and knock it off. My Daddy hauled apples eighteen miles to Fayetteville and sold them for 25¢ a bushel. We had a cellar under the house. They'd haul a load of straw and make a straw bed in the cellar and haul maybe two loads of apples and put them carefully on the straw. On one side of the family room there was a plank loose, and the hole just fit me. After supper, "Nora, go down and get some apples." I'd raise the plank, and get apples to eat before we went to bed. We dried them, and it was my duty to carry them from the orchard--Mother and me. Sometimes John would help us but usually he was somewhere helping Pa. But when he helped me it was much easier and I'd get through quicker. I'd have to sit at the apple peeler and peel those apples and drop them in a crock. Mother would split them and flip the core out, then put them in a big brass five gallon bucket or pail. Then we would carry that to the ladder. I would climb up, and they would push that pot up to me. We'd pull and push 'til we got it on the roof, and I'd pour out the apples and spread them to dry. Oh, that was a mean, hot job. Later I had to go turn them. Nomi was too small, and John was working somewhere, so there was me. ME came in pretty handy sometimes.

And then one thing I thought was so funny. Our hogs ran loose in a kind of pasture. When we'd fill a bucket with peelings, we'd carry them to the back side of the field. Now that was a hot, tedious job, too. We'd pour the peelings out there for the hogs to eat. But sometimes the peelings would stay until they were fermented, and when the hogs ate them, they would get drunk. They'd squeal just like they were hungry or in distress. When they fell over, they couldn't get up until they sobered up. They'd just lie there and kick and squeal. I'd just nearly laugh my head off. When there used to be moonshiners in the woods or caves, you'd hear the hogs squealing, and you'd know the revenue men had been around and had poured out the whiskey mash and the hogs had found it.

Our medicines were home remedies. Mother would take the debarking axe--like a hatchet but wider--and gather walnut bark and slippery elm. She'd put it in a cup with water. It was unforgettable. And they used whiskey as a medicine. It was weakened with

warm water. If it was for a baby, the whiskey was poured in a saucer and set afire. They let it burn until it turned green around the edges; that indicated the alcohol was all gone. Then it was sweetened and weakened and fed to the baby with a spoon. One medicine Mother made, she took rock candy and put it in a big bottle, then poured whiskey over it and let it set. She put camphor flakes in another bottle and poured whiskey over that. They rubbed us with that.

Pa was a member of the Odd Fellows Lodge, and one of his friends was a young bachelor named Dr. Ferguson. Pa made a deal with him that he would build a room on our house for him and give him his room and board if he would take care of the family. Dr. Ferguson agreed. Dr. Ferguson told Pa one day that Uncle Thomas was very sick and said, "Go see him." Pa didn't ask what was the matter, and the doctor didn't tell him. Uncle Thomas was broken out with the measles. Pa was awfully mad, but the doctor just took it good-naturedly. He told Pa, "Now you have seven children; you and Eliza have never had the measles. You've got a hired man and woman, and they haven't had the measles. What would you do if you all came down with the measles and I wasn't here to take care of you? While I'm here to look after all of you, I told you to go visit Thomas." Well, he brought them home, and we all had the measles.

One winter while Dr. Ferguson was living with us, a stranger came by, and Pa invited him to spend the night. People used to take strangers in like one of the family. We were all sitting around the big fireplace, and there was a terrible smell. The doctor didn't like it. He knew there was something wrong, and he knew it wasn't his family. So he asked the man to come to his office and said to him, "My friend, there's something wrong with you. You have a sore somewhere." The man showed him a running sore with gangrene. Dr. Ferguson said, "You can't stay in the house, but they do take care of strangers. I'm going to make you a bed in the clover loft. Don't come in the house again." Well, brother John had a cut or scratch on his head, and the first thing we knew he had gangrene in it. All the family's affection was wrapped around that boy. Any of us would do anything in the world that John asked us to do. Pa did everything he could and went to different doctors, tried different things on him. Finally, one doctor said, "Put him to chewing tobacco." Well, now it did make the little fellow sick, and Pa did take a lot of patience with John to get him to chew that tobacco, because that was the only thing they hadn't tried. That's how John came to chew tobacco.

So we had the measles and John had gangrene in that sore. John was quiet, but he was mischievous. Before going to bed, I'd want to warm my feet, and I'd put them up to the fire. John would have this tobacco in his mouth--he didn't spit like anyone else. I wouldn't be thinking about it, and all at once John would spit on my toes. It would make me so mad, but he would just laugh.

About that time Pa bought an organ and hired a music teacher to come and give Emmie lessons. This music teacher--oh, she was

the finest looking lady I ever saw. She wore a riding habit with a basque suit. Ladies at that time were wearing stove-pipe hats. Her riding skirt was short--ladies then usually wore long skirts, but hers was short--and she had the prettiest side saddle and the prettiest quirt. She never did use that quirt on her horse, but she always had it on her arm when she was riding. People used to have stile blocks out in front of the house and a hitching rack. The stile block was made from the butt end of a big tree and was about three feet high. About the center of the block they would saw halfway, and then with an iron wedge they would cut down through and knock the piece off. This made two steps. The lady would walk up these, then step on top of the stump and sit down in the saddle. I'd see that teacher ride--oh, she was so pretty--that pretty horse and that pretty stove-pipe hat. Mary wanted lessons, too, but Pa could afford to pay for only one--those lessons were high--so Emmie was the only one who got to take lessons.

The church and school house were the same building. Emmie was appointed secretary of the church--Spring Valley Missionary Baptist Church. I've heard her speak about the minutes and the big book she had to carry home with her sometimes. My grandfather, Stokely D. Hammond, and his wife, Mary Emma, had attended this church. He was killed by a bushwhacker in 1865, and Mary Emma later married Sylvester Capps who was pastor and elder in the Spring Valley church during the 1870's. Emmie was organist after the church purchased an organ.

My Daddy had a thresher, a binder, and a mower and a cradle. A cradle was a crooked thing--it had a blade on it, then what they'd call fingers, and it had a handle. There were two knobs or holes in the handle where you'd catch hold of it and bring it around and cut the grain, then take your hand and drop it down. A big rake would come behind and rake it up. That was our clover. Harrison would use the rake, and Allen would run the binder. Nomi, John and I would come behind them. John and I would shock the wheat. Pa built a great big barn, bigger than the house. He hat a wheat granary, an oat granary, a hay loft for the clover, and a big crib for the corn. The crib was big enough to hold a load of pumpkin.

Since I was big enough to carry water, I was the water boy. For the clearing, plowing or in the harvest field, Nora was the water boy and carried the bucket. It was a cedar bucket and dipper, a flat bottom dipper. We had a gourd, too, that hung on the water shelf outside on the porch. One time they were clearing new ground to put in a new orchard. Pa was going to build a lime kiln. They were selecting logs all nearly the same size. To build the kiln, they crisscrossed the logs, filled it with limestone rock, then another layer of logs and rock. It had to lay eighteen months. Then they gathered brush and set it afire. After the wood burned, the wind blew the ashes away, leaving the lime for making cement. This time when I brought Allen a drink, he said, "Dinah, we're cutting all over this place. You go right straight to the house and stay." (He called me "Dinah.") I said I would and started for the house. Then I saw some pretty limbs,

just right for a see-saw. I set my bucket down, climbed up and was enjoying myself. Before you could say "Scat!" here came a tree right on top of me. I yelled and here came Allen. He carried me to the back of the smokehouse, and said, "You go tell Ma that we cut a tree down on you and let her see if you are hurt anywhere." Just imagine: all those limbs coming right down on you. They never knew where I'd be. I never knew myself.

We didn't have water around our house. We got water from the spring near Aunt Katie's old cabin. Pa did dig wells, and tried to find water. They started one well and worked on it in spare time, finally getting it down to ninety feet. There used to be transient people who would come through and want work. Pa would say, "Yes, I'll let you dig in the well." The man would work a day or two. Then it began to cave in, and Pa put heavy planks over it. They couldn't be moved, but there were cracks between the planks. I remember going out there, crawling up on those planks and looking down in that well. We finally got it filled up, but no water. Then Pa built a cistern. That's when they built the lime kiln. He dug the cistern right next to the kitchen. He pounded and ground rock as fine as he could, then sieved it and made mortar. He bought brick and charcoal. Those were the first brick I'd ever seen and I'd play with them. They were such pretty smooth rocks--I thought they were rock. They had to watch me. "Nora, don't break those brick." But the cistern had a leak that Pa never could fix. So we still hauled and carried water.

My Daddy built an ice house--the only one in that country. He used oak lumber and let it lay until it was dried out and seasoned. Then he went to the sawmill at Hindsville and got a load of sawdust and put it in the building. He covered the ground several inches deep, then when cold weather came he got two wagons and hauled ice. When the White River froze over, Allen and Harrison took a crowbar and crosscut saw--they took one handle off the saw. Then with a crowbar they'd break a hole in the ice big enough to get the saw in. Then they sawed the ice in blocks. Then with a cant hook and saw chain, they would pull the ice out. They would put three or four loads of ice in the ice house with a thick layer of sawdust between the ice. We had ice water during the summer. Pa had a lot of grain to thresh, and it was difficult to move the thresher out because they had to stake it down when they started threshing. A lot of people would haul their grain to our thresher. So I would carry ice water to Pa and Allen and Harrison. All these bums would follow the thresher to get good meals. They were like the hippies--long hair, dirty. Every day they'd come to our house early and shift around the straw stack to shade themselves. When I started out with a bucket of water to the threshers, one of those men would call, "Little gal, bring that bucket of water here." Pa would stop the thresher. "Nora, bring that water here." So I'd take it to Pa and the boys. If there was anything left, I'd take it to them. At meal time we always had a table loaded with nearly any thing you could think of. They'd put away things in the winter for the threshers. Those old men would come in. One big old man with big stalking boots dat down near the fried chicken. When they

came in with the pies, he'd say, "Let me cut that pie." He'd cut it in four pieces and take one. So Emmie started cutting the pies in the kitchen. But they were neighbors.

Pa did a lot of trading. He was a vet and a blacksmith. He knew good animals and would buy horses, feed and groom them into fine shape, then sell them at a profit. When he'd bring a horse on the place, he'd caution Ma and Emmie, "Don't let Nora go about that horse. I don't know it yet. Don't let her around it." If the horse was shy, I'd slip into the grocery room and get two handsful of brown sugar. I'd run out the back door, way behind the blacksmith shop, and past the shed that Pa had built for the calves. Then I'd climb over the fence. If the horse would shy from me, I'd keep following till I got close. I'd let him smell the sugar, then he'd follow me. He would eat the sugar out of my hand, and pretty soon I'd have him where I could crawl on his back. I loved horses. Pa had one horse that was the prettiest animal I'd ever laid eyes on. He was coal black, a great thing. He had a long black curly mane and forelock and the prettiest long black curly tail that touched the ground. Pa didn't believe in putting heavy saddles on horses. He had a light saddle. He had a martingale, and that was strapped up behind his forelegs and buckled around like a girth, and then a strap up to the bridle reins. You could shorten that and make him bow his neck.

One day a man came by with some kind of electricity. They set a tin wash pan down in the doorway, and the man put something in it, then dropped in a silver dollar. This stuff magnetized the dollar. It was a pretty thing. He said he would give it to anyone who could pick it up out of the water. Now I was there, and I had to try. I put my hand into that water, and honestly, I thought my hand was going to break open. I touched the dollar, and it hurt my hand, and I had to draw it back. I tried two or three times. Finally, Pa said, "You can't take it, honey." So they took the pan up.

I remember they had these little wagons--peddlers came through the country in them. They were like delivery hacks, the ones they used to deliver groceries in, with just one horse. A peddler came by one day in one of them. He had a sewing machine and Pa liked that sewing machine. He asked the man to bring it in. None of our folks had ever sewed on a machine, but he taught them how. It was made by the White Co. Those little peddlers would show up from anywhere, coming through the woods.

Then Mother had a spinning wheel for cotton and wool. Pa freighted, and he bought cotton and wool at Little Rock. Some of the cotton was picked, but some was just as it had come from the field, and Mother had to pick the seeds from it. Then she would go to the corn crib and get shucks, the soft inside pliable ones. She'd get the sheep shears and trim off both ends of the shuck until she had a piece just the length of the spindle. She'd wind the shuck around the spindle then wind cotton back and forth until she could get it where she could card it. She put it in the cards and carded until she got a long string. She would wash the wool and pull out the burrs. It had little knots, called burrs,

in it. She carded it into long threads, then wound it on the shucks. She'd wind and wind, then take off the spindle and put on a new shuck and spin that back and forth a number of times till she had it down to a thread. She had a loom for weaving carpets. She had a bedspread that was homemade. It was loomed by her mother or some of the family. It was made in strips, and when we washed it, we had to take it apart and then sew it back together again. Mother wove carpets in strips and sewed them together.

Mother was born in Erie, Tennessee and she used to tell us stories about the Civil War. Her sisters, Mary Conduff and Martha Fitch, came back home to stay while their husbands were in service. Mother was fourteen. The bushwhackers came by often. One day they came raiding, taking everything off the premises. Then they came in the house. Grandma Garland had been to Chattanooga to do some trading. She had bought some calico for a dollar a yard and some tin cups for a dollar apiece. When the bushwhackers came, she put these things in a big chest. One man went over and said, "Let's see what they'd got in here." Aunt Martha jumped up on the lid--she was a heavy woman--and caught his hand. Well, he kicked and cursed. The Captain was standing in the door watching all of this, and he told the man to get his hand out and come on. So they saved the things that Grandma had bought. They had no newspaper, but they had the Bible and Almanac.

My Daddy's parents were born in Tennessee. His grandfather was Micajah Hammond who lived in Hawkins County, Tennessee. His father, Stokely, was born there. His mother was Mary Emma Swafford, daughter of a well-to-do land and slave owner, Peter Swafford. She attended a finishing school in Memphis and was well-educated. She was a lady, always perfectly groomed and gracious.

In September 1895 my Daddy sold the farm. He put up everything for sale--livestock, furniture, everything that we couldn't carry with us. We were going to Texas. We cooked an early dinner so the stoves would be cold--they were sold, too. That's the first time I ever ate a meal from my hand. I remember at two o'clock on Sept. 25th my Daddy set me on a horse, a little bay mare. She had a little colt, and its halter was fastened to its mother's bridle rein. We reached Springdale, fourteen miles from home, after dark. We stopped outside town, and Pa foundaa place to camp. He told Nomi and me to go to a house nearby and ask for a bucket of water. A lady came out and drew water for us. She said, "Have you been traveling long?" We said, "Not too long." Pa had told us, "If anyone asks you where you are from, tell them 'Washington'." Because people laughed at Arkansas, and we were from Washington County. So when the lady asked us where we were from, we said, "Washington." And she said, "Washington? Way up there?" I said, "No." She said, "Where?" I said, "Just fourteen miles from here." She said, "Well, you're not out of the county yet." When we told my Daddy what this woman said, they all had a good laugh at Nomi and me--especially me, since I was the one who did the talking. So Pa said, "When anyone asks you where you are from, just tell them you're from Arkansas near

Spring Valley, and if they want to laugh, just let them laugh."

We had to pass through the Indian Territory, and of all the bogs, mud, clay and quicksand--we had it in the Territory. It rained a lot. There were about nine wagons, and every wagon cut the ruts a little deeper, until it just wore our teams out. We'd have to stop and let them rest. We had to watch out for desperadoes. They would rush out of the bushes to frighten the horses. My Daddy, Uncle Joe Phillips and Will Fitch all had shotguns in their wagons. There were toll bridges with patrolmen to guide the wagons through the quicksand. One day we came to a ford and a great long wooden bridge across the river. A man standing there with a shotgun made us pay to cross the river--fifty cents for a wagon and twenty-five cents for a horse. When we camped at night, everyone headed the wagons in together and we built a fire inside the circle. The horses were tied to the backs of the wagons. Brother John held the halter of his mules, and Pa slept with his gun by his hand. Mr. Hinds watched the first night. His wife was poorly, and he took care of her and the children. He did some washing and put it out on some bushes as close to the fire as he could get it. Somehow, some of those clothes caught fire, and that frightened the horses and made them jump back and pull the wagons. Everyone thought it was the robbers, and every man came up with his gun. But it was only that poor man's clothes. We really had a scare.

It rained and rained as we traveled on toward Dallas. Our wagons were heavily loaded and picked up mud. We had to stop and cut the mud from the wheels. There'd be great big chunks of it by the side of the road. Pa would take a frog knife and cut the mud from the horses' hooves so they could walk. We were one week going from Dennison to Dallas.

When we got to Dallas, I slid off my horse onto the first sidewalk I'd ever seen. Someone from The Dallas News made pictures of us. My mother had a heart attack as we came into Tahlequah, Oklahoma and Pa had put her on the train and sent her to Uncle Bud Gallant in Temple. He took The Dallas News, and when they saw our picture in the paper they knew we were alright. We went on to Old Troy. It was a long road from Arkansas to Texas.

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DUNLAP

Dear Editor: I am tracing my family history of the Dunlaps, and I am just interested in knowing more about these people. Joseph and/or Robert were supposed to have lived in Washington County, near Fayetteville, and were land owners between 1850 and 1900. Will exchange material. Thank you.

Carol Dunlap
Rt. 1, Box 195
Hulbert, Okla. 7441

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A HISTORY OF MT. ZION BAPTIST CHURCH
Near Black Oak, in Washington County

by L. O. Warren

PART I

The minutes of the Mt. Zion Church include some of the oldest records of a Baptist Church organized in this County. This church was located about three miles south of the existing Baptist Church of Black Oak. While the church no longer exists, the records contribute much to the history of this area and its people. The following constitutes a brief review of these minutes and the more important actions of this church. The organizational minutes, copied verbatim, follow:

ARKANSAS - WASHINGTON COUNTY

We, a congregation of baptized believers according to the faith and practice of the general union of United Baptists whose names are hereto subscribed, having formed ourselves into a church compact, agreeing to watch over each other for good and keep house for God, do call a presbytery to examine our faith and constitute us into a church, to wit, R. D. Gray and Joseph L. Baker.

Peter Beel
Elizabeth Beel
John Roberson
Priscilla Roberson
Jane Beel
Margaret Beel
Robert J. Roberson
Eliza R. Tharp
Madison Painter
Mary Painter
John Mayes
Sarah Mayes
Martha C. Mayes

We do certify that after due examination of the faith and baptism of the above-named brethren and sisters (and) believing them to be orthodox we have constituted them into a church called the United Baptist Church in the County of Washington and State of Arkansas this the 9th day of October, 1848.

Witness our hands and seals

Signed: R. D. Gray
Joseph L. Baker
Presbytery

Articles of Faith and Rules of decorum were adopted which are rather lengthy but in agreement with the Articles of Faith of most Missionary Baptist Churches of today. In many points, they agree with the Articles of Faith adopted by the United Baptist Church of Bethlehem near Wedington which was organized in 1831 and still exists as a Primitive Baptist Church. It is interesting to note that while the early settlers of baptistic beliefs organized under the term "United Baptist", that divergence of principles of faith existed that became a test of fellowship and cooperation.

Another interesting fact is the name of John Mayes as a charter member. This was the John Mayes who was instrumental in the organization of the First Baptist Church of Fayetteville. Elder Mayes was a very zealous church worker and was a leader in associational organizations including the old Mt. Zion, Fayetteville United Baptist, Northwest Arkansas Missionary Baptist (Bentonville) and Fayetteville Baptist Associations.

Following the organizational meeting, the next record is for December, 1848 when R. L. Baker and wife were received by letter. The church soon put R. L. Baker to work, choosing him as clerk at the February 1849 meeting, and instructing him to draft rules of decorum. These were read and adopted at the March meeting, at which time the church was designated as Mount Zion. The next record is for May, when Elizabeth West, Matilda Roberson and Elder D. Howery were received as members. The church was evidently "mission-minded" from the start, for in June it agreed to "set in arm" on West Fork near Brother Beel. The spiritual atmosphere of the church is indicated by the resignation of R. L. Baker as clerk in July and the calling of a presbytery from Brush Creek (near Hindsville?) and Friendship (near Springdale) to assist in ordaining him to the ministry. John Mayes was elected clerk.

In August, 1849, the church agreed to petition the Mt. Zion Association for admittance and appointed D. Howery, R. L. Baker, and John Mayes as delegates. R. L. Baker was ordained, with Daniel Howery, R. D. Gray and Jesse H. George as presbytery.

The remainder of the 1849 records show routine business was conducted with R. L. Baker and wife being granted letters of dismission in December.

1850

Regular monthly meetings were held during the year. J. F. Mitchell was elected pastor in February. Members were added to the church nearly every meeting. In July the church sponsored a revival meeting at Richland by Elder L. Heath and received three members from this effort. John Roberson, Peter Beel and John Mayes elected as messengers to the Associational meeting.

The interest in missions was manifested by the election in September of J. Roberson to represent the church in a committee to meet at Sugar Creek (Benton County?) for the purpose of selecting two missionary riders for the year and ordered the clerk to draw up a subscription to raise contributions for their support. In November Elder Heath was elected pastor and the regular meeting day changed to include the sabbath day.

Members received during the year were G. B. Hamlet, Susan A. Roberson, Narcissa Roberson, Thomas Roberson, Margaret Robins, Jane Davis, Rhoda Combs, Anna Robins, Urial and Susanna Coats.

1851

The monthly meetings, of which there are records of eleven, September omitted, were routine in nature. D. Howery, Peter Beel and John Roberson were delegates to the association. A "protracted meeting" was held in October which resulted in nine additions to the church.

In December, an investigation was ordered into a report "that Brother J. Phelan has violated the law of God by trading on the Sabbath."

Members received during the year were John Rowen, William Z. Mayes, Margaret Roberson, Julie Mills, Narcissa Karnes, Jacob Van Hoose, Joe Webb, James Henry, Malvina Beel, James Sinclair, and John R. Mills. Members dismissed were: John Rowen and James Sinclair.

1852

M. B. Harris was chosen pastor in February. In June, Nancy Jones, Riley Jones and Mary Painter were received by letter from New Hope Church. Pleasant Parker joined in July and following a "protracted meeting" in August, M. B. Long, Sarah Long and Riley James were added to the church. In September, John Roberson, John R. Mills and John Mayes were delegates to the association to which was forwarded an offering of $1.00. M. B. Harris resigned as pastor and Elder C. H. Bootright was chosen his replacement by unanimous vote.

During the year some confusion arose over doctrinal beliefs resulting in the exclusion of P. J. Roberson and Matilda Roberson for joining an Episcopalian Church (was it at Fayetteville?). Jacob Van Hoose likewise was excluded for joining a Methodist church.

Apparently attendance was not as it should be in December because the church requested the moderator to "preach on Saturday of each meeting until all the members are instructed with regards to their duty in attending their church meeting." The members present "covenanted with the moderator (to attend) regularly unless providentially hindered." The clerk was "ordered to draft a church covenant and present it to the next meeting."

This covenant was prepared by John Mayes and was adopted at the January, 1853 meeting. It is given verbatim to illustrate the simple but effective language embodied in its text.

CHURCH COVENANT

As we trust we have been by divine Grace brought to embrace the Lord Jesus Christ and by the influence of his spirit to give ourselves to him so we do now solemnly covenant with each other that God enabling us we will walk together in brotherly love, that we will exercise Christian care and watchfulness over each other and faithfully warn, rebuke and admonish one another as the

case shall require. That we will not forsake the assembling of ourselves together, especially at the time of our church meetings nor omit the great duty of prayer both for ourselves and others. That we will participate in each others joys and endeavor with tenderness and sympathy to bear each others burdens and sorrows, that we will earnestly endeavor to bring up such as may be under our care in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, that we will seek divine aid to enable us to walk circumspectly and watchfully in the world denying ungodliness and worldly lusts especially avoid that practice from which have resulted so many grievous evils to churches and individuals (that of social dram drinking), that we will endeavor by example and effort to win souls to Christ and through life amidst evil and good report to live to the glory of him who hath called us out of darkness into his marvelous light.

Signed: John Mayes, Church Clerk

1853

The year of 1853 was a busy one for the church. John Roberson was elected treasurer, apparently the first to hold this office in the church. A disciplinary problem arose over a member dancing which resulted in his dismissal. The church received 52 members during the year--including some who had previously been lettered out. Apparently several new settlers had entered the valley as a number of the new members submitted letters from churches in Tennessee. Others came as a result of a meeting on West Fork.

A significant development came in June when the church voted to petition for a letter of dismission from the Mt. Zion Association (organized 1840) and instructed delegates to enter into correspondence with other churches presumably to explore the organization of a new association. The churches were Friendship, Mt. Vernon (both still active in 1970), New Bethel, New Hope and Mt. Gilead. This meeting was held at Mt. Zion Friday before the first Sunday in October, 1853. (This association evidently became the Fayetteville United Baptist Association. I have two accounts--one printed in the Arkansas Baptist in 1859, and a copy of the official minutes for the Eighth Annual Session held in 1860. John Mayes was clerk at both sessions. The sequential numbering would correspond with the organizational meeting at Mt. Zion, 1853.)

Another significant action was a resolution by the church to comply as far as practical with the wishes of the "White River Baptist State Convention of Northwest Arkansas" to sustain a missionary and nominated C. H. Bootright for this purpose.

1854

This year, while not marked by a noticeable increase in membership, brought significant action of the church in obtaining property and constructing a church house. In April, the church "resolved to hold her monthly meeting...at the school house near

Jeramiah Hanna's until we can build a house." John Roberson, John Mayes and A. J. Roberson were appointed trustees to "receive and hold a deed to a piece of land near Mr. Gregg's Mill for the purpose of building a United Baptist meeting house and to superintend the building of said house."

T. B. Vanhorne was elected pastor in March, John Mayes resigned as clerk in May and was replaced by T. H. Roberson. In August, letters of dismission were granted to John Mayes, William Mayes, Sarah and Martha Mayes who later, in 1857, became charter members of the Fayetteville Missionary Baptist Church (now the First Baptist Church). In November, $4.25 was collected toward the support of the "Riding Missionary," C. H. Bootright, who was released from laboring the remainder of the year. Several members were dismissed by letter during the year and some by exclusion for "joining the Campbellites."

1855

Due to high water, no business meeting was held in January. At the February meeting, Riley Jones was ordained as a minister, the presbytery being composed of C. H. Bootright, T. B. Vanhorne and D. Howery. C. H. Bootright was elected pastor for the year. In July, letters of dismission were granted to James Shultz, B. F. Boone, Sarah Shultz, Susan A. Boone, and Sarah A. Shultz for the purpose of organizing the Valley Grove Baptist Church. Mt. Zion church chose Riley Jones, John Roberson and Henry Lewis delegates to the association. Claborn and Jane Jones were received as new members from New Hope Church, Washington County, Arkansas. Ben Johnson was received for baptism in October. He presumably was the owner of what is now known as the old "Ben Johnson" place on Middle Fork. (He was later excluded from membership in 1866.) Defections to other denominations plus letters of dismissal resulted in the loss of 19 members as against 11 received.

1856

The year was not marked by any significant developments. There were no records for January and March. Delegates were appointed to the Association in August. A few members were received during the year and some excluded for joining another faith, or for mis-conduct.

1857

D. Howery and C. H. Bootright preached to the church but nowhere is a pastor indicated although Bootright was probably serving as such. A family named "Edminsten" joined the church by letters and a Rufus Edminsten was received from Zion Hill Church, Grayson County, Texas. In September the church endorsed the resolution adopted by the Association condemning the "use of ardent spirits." J. L. Johnson was authorized "to purchase a stove for the church, the best that could be had for $25.00. The church pledged $10.00 for support of a missionary if one was appointed by the Association.

1858

In January, Riley James apologized for "a difficulty" between himself and another party and was forgiven by the church. Another member was charged for "drunkenness and the use of profane language at Alfred Hines', White River Township." He later was excluded for failure to appear before the church. A conflict arose between two brethren which caused the church to have a "called" conference at the home of one of the participants to reach a settlement. In April, Jesse Tharp was ordained as deacon. In April, R. S., R. F., Louisa and Nancy Shields came by letter from Red Hill Church, Whitfield County, Georgia. (Were these the forerunners of the Shields of Benton County?) R. S. Shields, Haslin Edminsten and Moses Long were delegates to the Association which met with the Valley Grove Church, Washington County.

1859

Church matters were largely routine. Elder D. Howery rejoined the church in April. In May, a request was received from Concord Church (near Hindsville?) to settle a difficulty. J. Roberson, Moses Long and Riley Jones were appointed by C. H. Bootright as the presbytery to assist Concord Church. (The minutes for June are missing.) In September, a request was received from Shiloh Church (Springdale) to "settle a difficulty that had arisen among them" Due to heavy rain, no one was able to go.

1860

Disciplinary problems arose during the year, resulting in the exclusion of a member for "alleged gambling," and other misbehavior--another for drunkenness, swearing and dancing. C. H. Bootright resigned as pastor due to "feeble state of health" and other difficulties. (He lived until May, 1867. His obituary is in the minutes of the Fifth Annual Session, Bentonville Baptist Association.) Minutes for October and November are missing.

1861

In January, the ordination of Riley James to the ministry was authorized and the clerk instructed to request aid for the ordination from the Fayetteville and Huntsville churches. The ordination was accomplished in March with C. H. Bootright, John Mayes and Riley Jones as presbytery. In May, the church resolved to choose a pastor and moderator at the June meeting. At the June session, a resolution "that whereas we have ordained ministers among us we consider it to be their duty to serve the church and therefore consider them our pastors and moderators at all times when convenient." In spite of war clouds, the church organized delegates and $2.00 to the Associational meeting in September. The next record is for November, 1861, when it was noted that the delegates failed to attend the Association and the clerk ordered to send the $2.00 to the clerk of the Association for printing of minutes.

1862

There are no records of meetings from November, 1861 to April, 1862. Two members were charged with dancing and requested to appear before the church. A resolution was adopted that "we as a church cannot fellowship dancing nor playing at worldly parties and henceforth we will deal with our church members for taking part in any such play or dance." The church met May 31, and disciplinary problems are noted. This is the last entry until 1865, so presumably the Civil War interfered with regular church functions.

1865

The following is more expressive of the times than any comment the writer might make:

"November 4, A.D. 1865: A few of the brethren and sisters of Mt. Zion church met. After worship proceeded to church business. Appointed Riley Jones moderator and opened the door for reception of members. Appointed J. Tharp, J. Webb and R. S. Shields a committee to notify and solicit the brethren and sisters of Mt. Zion Church to attend the next meeting of the church." There are no further entries for 1865.

1866

Apparently some business was conducted in early 1866 but the first entry is for July, Riley Jones, Moderator. A committee, previously appointed, reported on their investigation of a difficulty between Riley Jones and R. S. Shields. Letters of dismission granted Jesse and Eliza Tharp, R. S. and Louisa Shields. In August, a reference from the May meeting, 1862, was introduced and acted upon. In September Wm. M. Blakely was chosen as pastor and delegates elected to the Association, (which met at Friendship Church, October, 1866.) The Association was now known as the Northwestern Arkansas Missionary Baptist Association--resulting from the union of the Mt. Zion and Fayetteville United Baptist Associations.) A revival spirit began to be manifested in the addition and baptism of new members. Among these were Catherine Mullins, Franklin Mills, Martha Mullinex, Lydia Johnson, Mary Jane Lewis, Charlotte Roberson, Narcissa Mullins, William Springston, Harvey Head, and Brackin Wilson.

In December, the church dismissed by letter a number to organize a church for convenience at the White (House?) meeting house on Middle Fork, 29th December, 1866.

There were T. H. Roberson, M. D. Lewis, Ervaline Roberson, Charlotte J. Roberson, Narcissa J. Lewis, Mary Wilson, Ervelia Wilson, Walter and Louina Mankins, Elphus Lewis, Emaline Ramey, James Keeton, and Almeda Ramey. Riley Jones, C. H. Bootright and Wm. M. Blakely were called as the presbytery.

This is the last record of C. H. Bootright in the church minutes. (He was born in 1797, in Virginia, ordained in Anderson County, Tennessee, and came to Washington County about 1850, died May, 1867.)

This is end of Book One

I am indebted to the Misses Dora, Edith and Marge Deen for the privilege of viewing these very valuable records.

- w c h s -

THE JONES BOYS - A CORRECTION

I received my copy of FLASHBACK Vol. XX No. 3 yesterday and was pleased at the coverage you gave the account of "Some of The Jones Boys." However, I should like to call to your attention an error at the top of page 38. This type of error is so easy to make, and ordinarily I might not have noticed it. However, in this particular instance, it is regrettable to me, for in both cases, sons of the two sisters who have been "confused" have been of great help in gathering information for the story.

It should read:

(8) Virginia (Jennie) Jones, born in May 1860, married George W. Pridemore on 15 June 1879. They had two sons and two daughters.

(9) Frances (Fannie) Jones married a Padgett. (This may be the marriage of Mary Joans and George Padgett of 16 Feb. 1871 in Washington Co. records.) They had two children. Her second husband was a Grimsley, by whom she had three children.

Felix Pridemore, of Lincoln, Arkansas, the son of Jennie Jones and George W. Pridemore, took a great interest in helping me with my Jones search about nine years ago. He took my parents and me to cemeteries where some of our Joneses were buried. In more recent years, Taylor Grimsley, son of Fannie Jones Padgett Grimsley told my parents some interesting facts about our old Billy Jones, which were contained in my story. Because of their assistance, I would appreciate it if you could run a correction in the next issue of FLASHBACK.

I'm pleased to observe that FLASHBACK continues to adhere to its high standards. It is a first-rate publication; each issue is a pleasure to read and to return to! Keep up the good work.

Sincerely, Marian C. Ledgerwood
1655 Imperial Crown
Houston, Texas 77043

THE CENTENARIAN -- PETER MANKIN

He lived to be 111 years, 3 months and 11 days old. In 1781 at the age of eleven, he saw George Washington's army as it marched to meet Cornwallis at Yorktown...and he is reputed to have whipped the legendary Mike Fink in a rough and tumble fight on a riverboat at Louisville, Kentucky.

He was Peter Mankin(s), my great, great, great-grandfather. According to Mrs. Dan Wofford of Jay, Oklahoma, an old family bible states the parents of Peter and his elder brother Walter were John and Masa Mankin. (Note 1)

Born September 19, 1770 near Annapolis, Maryland, Peter spent his early years around Alexandria, Virginia, where as a mere boy he was bound to a baker to learn the trade. However, because of a boyish prank (he had thrown a duck into the air to watch it fly) the baker gave him a severe flogging and he ran away.

There is no record of Peter during the intervening years until September 23, 1803. On this date, at the age of 33, in Orange County, North Carolina, he married Rachel Bracken (Note 2) Lewis, widow of Zachariah Lewis and the mother of three children at the time of her marriage to Peter (George, Lydia and Bracken Lewis). (Note 3)

Peter and Rachel had eleven children, six sons (Note 4) and five daughters. Three sons, John B., William and Walter, namesake of his uncle, were born in Orange County, North Carolina. The remaining children were born in Floyd County, Kentucky, where the Peter Mankin and Walter Mankin families moved in 1809. They settled on the Big Sandy River at a place called Block House, seven miles below Prestonburg.

The other three sons and five daughters of Peter and Rachel Mankins, born in Floyd County, were: Peter, Jr., Henry, Samuel, Edith (m. Enos Mills), Rachel (m. Jonathan Fine), Millie (m. William B. Fine), Sarah and Elizabeth.

While in Kentucky, Peter Sr. has been referred to as a backwoodsman, farmer and hunter, who would take his produce and hides in a canoe to sell at Louisville. He also operated a distillery. Always, he was noted for his great strength, courage and endurance. In his political views, he was a Whig and then a Democrat. He belonged to a military company and twice stood for the draft in the war of 1812. He was a member of the Primitive Baptist Church.

It is not known if, like Boone, he was having trouble with land claims, but for a year, went to the newly opened country of Illinois, then back to Kentucky and in the year 1833 Peter Mankin left the Blue Grass state and followed his son Peter Jr. to what is now Washington County, Arkansas, where they settled on the Middle Fork of the White River. Here Peter Sr. lived for the rest of his life, except the one time in 1836 when he returned to his old home in Kentucky to visit relatives and friends.

What about Walter, Peter's older brother? He was reputed to be an explorer, a restless pioneer and may have been one of the first settlers of Kentucky. In William Connelley's published account of the founding of Harmon's station and the settlement of the Big Sandy Valley, it states that in 1763, Connelley, Harmon, Daniel Boone, Walter Mankin and others camped on the Big Paint Creek for six weeks. If this Walter Mankin was the brother of Peter, there is evidently an error in the date. Other Kentucky historical reports place a Walter Mankin with Harmon about 1787. (Note 5)

The next Mankin reference we find is that a brother of Peter, whom we assume to be Walter, came through Alexandria, Virginia, sometime after Washington's army marched to meet Cornwallis. Where this brother had been is unknown. But it could well be that he had returned from Kentucky.

Just when or where Walter Mankin was born is not known. Nor is it definitely known what year he married Millie Stalcop, but their daughter, Nancy, was born December 31, 1799 and the 1800 Orange County, North Carolina census lists Walter Mankin as head of household.

What sort of man was Peter, who in his five score and eleven years had heard the liberty bell ring freedom to a new nation and had lived through the Revolution, the War of 1812 and the Civil War?

According to the Guinness Book of Records, Peter Mankin would have been the third oldest man who ever lived whose age was proven. He had always been used to hard work and his habits were regular. He had never had a decayed tooth in his life, but lost five that were extracted when he was 106 because they became loose. He chewed tobacco vigorously and all his adult life had used "bitters, good whiskey and yellow root" as a tonic. In later years his eyesight failed him but with the aid of his cane he would get around unassisted. All of his life he remained very alert, but in his last years, he would become forgetful.

In an interview with the Arkansas Gazette in the summer of 1877, he acknowledged to the reporter that God had always been good to him and said, "I know I must die sometime and afterward go to judgement. They can use this old body any way, but cannot touch the soul."

In 1862, Peter Mankin I was held captive by the Union Army for three days. This was just prior to the battle of Pea Ridge and he was being questioned on the location of the Confederate troop. Peter was 91 years old then. Upon his release, he told the frantic womenfolk, "They would never have gotten anything out of me."

On Peter Mankin's 100th birthday, his son Peter Jr. and the Masons gave a dinner for him, attended by 500 guests. People came for miles on foot, by horseback, carriage and wagon, to pay

their respects to the venerable old Patriarch. Long tables, covered with new white cloths, were placed under the trees in the yard of the homeplace. 700 pounds of beef, mutton and pork were barbecued, as well as many chickens. My grandmother was one of the great-grandchildren serving the food.

On his 111th birthday an informal open house was held in his honor. Among others visiting him that day were George Lewis, his step-son who was then 86, John Van Hoose, his son-in-law, 89, and Polly Van Hoose, his daughter-in-law, 80. (Note 3)

Peter Mankin died December 30, 1881. He had been sick only two days. On Thursday morning, the 29th of December, he took a chill that lasted about an hour. About midnight Thursday night, he threw the covers off the bed and started to put his feet on the floor. His son, Peter Jr. handed him a cup of water, that he'd said he wanted, and after drinking a few sips, old Peter lay down again. It was noticed that he was breathing a little harder than usual and in about 5 minutes he was gone.

In the picturesque little Reese, or Old Baptist Cemetery near Sulphur City, Arkansas, are two elongated, coffin-shaped vaults of red native stone. Roughly chiseled on the top of one, so moss-covered, it is barely readable, is the inscription:

In Memory of Peter Mankins
Died December 30, 1881
Age 111 years, 3 months.

As J. H. Van Hoose said, "Those who knew him best, loved him most. If he had ever had an enemy, he had outlived them all."

(Note 1) Peter's mother, Masa, reportedly died in Kentucky in 1844. Who she lived with at that time is not known. There are many gaps to be filled in the life of Walter as well as in the early life of Peter. Mrs. R. V. Close, Mrs. Earl Strain, Mrs. Hildy Crawford, Mrs. Bob Dixon and many others have spent years researching and exchanging information on the Mankin and allied families, but many questions are still unanswered. We would appreciate hearing from any Kentucky descendants or historians who might have information.

(Note 2) Rachel was a descendant of William Bracken, Yorkshire, England, who landed in Philadelphia on the Brittania, August 25, 1699. Her mother, Rachel Stalcop Bracken, was a descendant of John Stalcop (nickname adopted by Jan Andriessen) who first came to America on the "Key of Kalmar", a Swedish ship that landed in Delaware in 1640. The marriage of Rachel Mankin's father, Isaac Bracken to her mother, Rachel Stalcop, is recorded in the records of old Swedes Church, Wilmington, Delaware on August 31, 1769.

(Note 3) On March 22, 1813 in Floyd County, Lydia Lewis (Peter's step-daughter) married John Van Hoose (grandson of Mary Boone Bryant, Daniel's sister). On the same day, Lydia's brother, George Washington Lewis, married Nancy Mankin (daughter of Peter's brother Walter).

After the death of Peter's son, Walter, and his step-daughter, Lydia, John Van Hoose married 2nd Polly Low Mankin.

On December 23, 1819, Bracken Lewis married a girl noted for her great beauty, Matilda Preston, daughter of Nathaniel and Elizabeth Vaughn Preston, who lived near what is now known as the town of Paintsville. Bracken and Matilda were the parents of 16 children.

(Note 4) Samuel married Docia Williams and had 14 children. On November 9, 1820, John B. married Mary (Polly) Sloan in Floyd County. Walter (son of Peter) married Polly Low (see Van Hoose above), a niece of Isaac Preston. Henry never married, as when quite a young man he was killed in an accident in Floyd County, as was William, who was killed by a horse at Paintsville about 1833. William was survived by his widow, Mahalia Preston Mankin (the daughter of Isaac Preston) and their two children. On August 21, 1834, Mahalia married (2nd) George Litteral. George and Mahalia lived on a farm on Bobbs Branch.

After moving to Arkansas, Peter Jr. married Narcissis Mills. They had 10 children. Their daughter Rachel (Mrs. W. R. Ballard), was my grandmother's mother. At one time Jr. was one of the richest men in Washington County but lost most of his money during the Civil War. Peter Jr. lived a very colorful and eventful life. Many available articles have been written about him.

(Note 5) In the book "Mike Fink" by Blair and Mein, William Elsey Connelley is quoted as saying he knew the Mankin family very well, an evident fact as he stated, "Peter Mankin moved to Arkansas where he lived to be 111 years old." However, Connelley was born in 1855 and he was reporting occurrences before his birth. I am trying to locate the portion of Connelley's original manuscript that refers to Mankin. The October 16, 1779 Petition from Boone's Fort regarding land titles, included in the deposition, along with the signature of Daniel Boone, the name of a James Mankins, who had been killed either in defense of the fort or in hunting.

Mrs. Ouida Hunter Harkreader
14218 Low Avenue
Riverdale, Illinois 60627

PEEKS INTO PAGES OF THE PAST

by Ruth Holt Payne

January 22nd, 1902 was a portentous day for the town of Lincoln, Arkansas. The first train chugged in, with most of the citizens at the depot to greet it. Now they had a shipping point for their produce, principally apples, that were to "make" the town. The railroad precipitated a business boom; the first bank was established in 1903 and the first newspaper was established, at least that early. These papers record the development of the town, in part.

A 1903 issue was called "The Lincoln Weekly Banner", with George Barnes and his brother, Walter, as publishers. It gives the following railroad timetable. "In effect Sunday, July 19, 1903, at 12 A. M. Frisco System. Central Division, Muskogee District. Lincoln--Westbound. No. 51 St. Louis Limited Daily 9:35 A. M. No. 55 Local Daily except Sunday, 8:30 A. M. East bound. No. 52 St. Louis Limited Daily 6:45 A. M. No. 56 Local Daily except Sunday 4:30 P. M. J. A. Wardlow, Agt."

Four trains daily! Transportation was easily available to everyone and if the country resident found it more convenient he could flag the train at Suttle's Switch three miles east of Lincoln.

The Lincoln Weekly Banner of Jan. 29, 1904 carries the following ads: "W. D. McGaugh, Merchant", "Brown's Cheap Store. Now if you don't believe we can save you money, just try us a whet." "Lincoln Furniture & Coffin Co. Owners, Wm. Bain, L. B. Haws, C. E. King, G. E. Burns", "Bank of Lincoln, Capital Stock $20,000. Directors, W. S. Moore, T. L. McColloch, J. A. Learch, F. P. Earle, J. J. Baggett." (T. L. McColloch was the first cashier.) "Fayetteville Lumber & Cement Co., G. W. Phillips, Pres., G. F. Blanchard, Secy." (This was probably the first lumber company in Lincoln and located where the Lincoln Lumber Company is today.) "King & Company, Groceries", "T. J. Brown, Barber", "E. King, Notary Public"

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The apple industry was building up in 1904 and George Burns sold apple trees: Ben Davis, Jonathon and Limbertwig. The Limbertwig, the last to be harvested in the fall, seems to have disappeared. Dr. Neal, Westville dentist, came to Lincoln the first week in each month and held office in the (long gone) hotel. Those were the days when you could get a gold crown for $4.00, an open-faced one was less.

Dr. P. L. Hathcock was practicing here, having come from Harrison a short while before. Dr. Thomas Blackburn was practicing in Cane Hill. Dr. Welch, Dr. Gregg and Dr. Blackburn operated on Judge J. D. Walker in Fayetteville in 1904.

John Rehm, barrel manufacturer, came from Fayetteville to make barrels, as they were used extensively in shipping apples. Barrel makers were called "coopers".

There was a column in this paper called "Round About Town, News & Personals" in which the following appeared: "Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix declares that the women of today gamble, smoke and drink.- What kind of company has the doctor been keeping? He oughtn't to give himself away like that."

News item: "C. L. Burns had a lively experience Wednesday with a runaway team. He was driving a lively rig and when near the Finley place a tug came unhooked and the team became frightened and dashed away at breakneck speed. Charles 'staid' with them till they brought up against a black jack tree where the buggy and Charlie stopped with a sudden jerk while the team went on. Fortunate for Charlie he escaped with only a slight bruise on his side. The buggy and harness was considerably torn up."

"Bill Rodgers was wheezing something terrible this morning with a well developed case of distemper, at least that's what Al King said ailed him."

-w c h s-

THE DOWELL ROBBERY

The Money Refunded and the Prisoners Discharged ...They are Again Arrested

The Dowell robbery case came to a sudden termination last Thursday. Judge Baker, alias Haight, and Dr. Howard, alias Long, were brought before Justice Lusk, when Dowell's money was refunded and the prisoners fined $25 each for gaming. They were then discharged. We are requested by Justice Lusk to say that the charge of grand larceny against the confidence men was withdrawn by the prosecuting attorney, and that he fined them to the full extent of the law for gaming, the only remaining charge.

Before Haight and Long could get out of town they were again arrested at the instance of a Mr. Blackburn, of Callaway county, Mo., who alleged that he was swindled out of $7,500 by these same parties at a similar game. They were taken before Justice Marshall and after investigation they were held in a bond of $8,000 each. We take the following from the REVIEW: "Last Thursday a gentleman arrived in the city from Missouri and identified the two confidence men as the same parties who had relieved him last April of $7,500 by means of the same scheme they worked in the Dowell case. The man represents himself to be a farmer and is no doubt a reliable citizen. As soon as he read of the Dowell affair in the papers he took the train for Fayetteville. Upon arrival here and before he had seen the two prisoners in the jail he gave the sheriff a description of the men who had fleeced him in Missouri and his description answered in every particular for the dignified Judge and the wily Doctor. - The Fayetteville SENTINEL

-w c h s-

AND WE THOUGHT WE WERE THE FIRST

by Lloyd McConnell

In 1872 Catherine Elizabeth McConnell loaded her children into the wagon, tied the family cow on behind, and told a youngster to walk behind it so it would not pull back.

Her husband, Captain James Mortimore McConnell, Confederate veteran, had died of his wounds. She left the North Carolina hills to seek a new home west of the Mississippi. One son, William, who had not married, remained behind.

Joining one of the many caravans heading for the new country, the family floated down the Tennessee and Ohio Rivers, crossed Missouri and stopped near Baxter Springs, Kansas.

One of her sons, James Benjamin Sherrill McConnell, lost his wife in Kansas. She was Emma Alice Hemphill, and is buried at Caney, Kansas. A daughter of this couple, Jessie Pickney, lived at Gentry, Arkansas.

Grandma McConnell moved again, this time to Cassville, Missouri, then came on down to Greenland in Washington County, where she found a three-room log house just west of the Baptist Ford crossing.

She lived there until her death in 1903 and is buried in the Baptist Ford cemetery. The log house has long since been taken into a comfortable farm home.

Her children scattered. One, John L., taught schools in the area around West Fork. When the school board raised his salary from $10 to $15 per month he got married. His wife was Edmonia Elizabeth Curtis, daughter of Franklin Farris Curtis and Narcissa Jane Karnes. There are many Curtis and Karnes families living around West Fork.

After a while the couple moved to Sulphur City where he engaged in storekeeping and was postmaster. He moved later to Prairie Grove and became a banker, grocery merchant and insurance man. He was mayor and school board member many years.

Another son of the widow, Barney, married Lou Dearing and settled on a good Illinois River bottom farm near Hogeye. Both of them are buried in the Billingsley cemetery.

The only daughter of the Carolina widow, Mary Jeanette Eugenia Elizabeth Wilson married James N. Wilson, a brother of the late Greenland benefactor and dentist, G. W. Wilson.

Aunt Genia, as she was familiarly known, spent most of her 94 years in Washington and Benton Counties, living at Brentwood and then at Gentry, where she and her family were a large part of the Seventh Day Advetist School and Church at that place.

She travelled many miles in the interest of her church, long after she was past the age when most people would have elected to sit by the fireside.

Her children also were successful, working as missionaries and in church circles. One became a doctor but died young.

Although it has been most a hundred years since this family came out of North Carolina to Arkansas, it was not the first.

The deed records show that a John S. McConnell and Frances, his wife, were living a quarter of a mile south of the Highway 68 bridge over Wildcat, west of Tontitown in 1857.

I do not know who these people were, where they came from or where they went--but I gotta find out. They may also have been my ancestors.

The FLASHBACK, published quarterly by the Washington County Historical Society, publishes many accounts of the settlers who came into Washington County in the early days. You may find your own people there, in any issue.

The subscription price of membership fee in the Society is $3.00 per year. Send your name and address and check to the Society at 118 East Dickson Street, Fayetteville, Arkansas and become better acquainted with what went on here long before you came.

- w c h s -

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Thank you for finding my letter of October 27, 1969. It is understandable how it could be misplaced during the moving of your office. This time I am sending a check to cover FLASHBACK ($3.00) and HISTORY OF ELM SPRINGS CHURCH by Thomas Rothrock ($2.00 plus 25¢ postage).

I have seen your FLASHBACK publications and know that I will enjoy being a member. Last summer I found a second cousin of my father's, Otis Weir. We spent a wonderful rainy morning together and he went over to Elm Springs with me. He and Hazel then went to Kansas to visit my parents. He told me so much about the family. I am so thankful for that one day we had together.

Sincerely, Margaret Hall Roberson
(Mrs. Thomas C.)
2217 Hickory Valley Road
Chattanooga, Tenn. 37421

- w c h s -

TEBBETTS FAMILY HISTORY

by Marian (Tebbetts) Banes

(Editor's Note: This portion of Mrs. Banes' history concerns both political and personal notes--Judge Jonas Tebbetts as a politician--split of the political parties--appointment as appraiser of Delaware Indian lands in Kansas, refusal of same office for Sac and Fox Indians--Descriptions of Fayetteville--Secession Convention--Reading of Declaration of Independence to the Family on July 4, 1861. -- TCF)

Though out of politics, Father somehow could not keep away from politics. His friend, Judge A. B. Greenwood of Bentonville, a member of Congress, being anxious to succeed himself, but feeling that his duties held him in Washington, did not see his way to attend the 1856 convention to be held at Batesville. He wrote Father: "I rely almost solely upon your efforts for the nomination. You well know, of course, the complexion of the convention."

Again: "I mainly depend on you and your good judgment as to the course that should be pursued." Further on he says, "Whoever is nominated is sure of success. In my district our majority is now not short of 400."

Colonel Hindman of Helena, later General Hindman of the Confederate Army, also desired the office, making as his reason why he rather than Greenwood should be nominated, that Greenwood's duties kept him in Washington so that he could not be on the spot to canvass and that, therefore, the office might be lost to the other party.

Father complied with Judge Greenwood's request and was on hand at Batesville early and so used his influence that when Hindman began his canvass, he found matters settled so securely in Greenwood's behalf that he withdrew his name, for all of which he blamed Father to the extent that his friends kept a watch over him.

Hindman was not a general favorite and for some reason the whole matter must have had a comical quality, for letters from different persons speak of it in that way. Even as late as 1860, Boudinot writes of meeting a man who said, "Tebbetts outsmarted Hindman and all his friends at Batesville and that is the reason for Hindman's dislike for you."

When the 1858 convention came around, Greenwood was slated for the Senate, thus leaving the way open for Hindman, who still had a congressional bee in his bonnet. During his canvass for the office, he made a speech at Fayetteville. Father, at that time, was on a several weeks business trip to eastern cities, much to Mother's delight, for she always pictured Hindman with a bowie knife or pistol or two fists, hidden somewhere for Father's special benefit.

William Quesenbury had promised to write him during his absence, which he did. Part of his long, unique letter is quoted here:

"March 26, 1858

My dear Friend:-

Some promises--those that I can fulfill--I do. During some time for the few hours we were together in Van Buren I think I said I would write you.

About our immediate town matters I can say little..."

(Rest of letter not included)

All this was local politics, however. The outside world was in a turmoil. The rancorous Buchanan administration was in full swing, the slavery question that had so long been held in abeyance by compromises being the principal subject of political discussion. The war in Kansas was confined to that state but its influence spread over the whole country, and the "Dred Scott" case of 1857 aroused the northern people to a frenzy of protest.

There was a general breaking-up of political parties. "Most of the Whigs in the north had joined the Freesoil Party, which now changed its name to the Republican party. The southern Whigs joined the Democrats, while many northern Democrats went over to the Republicans. The Whig party was now extinct." (Barnes' Primary History, page 162)

Father during this time was very quiet. Born of a New England low tariff family, on going to Arkansas he had thrown his political interests with the Democratic party, and had served his state well in both appointed and elective offices. He had helped his friend, Judge Greenwood, in his congressional aspirations, had helped put him in the House of Representatives and in the Senate, but had asked no office for himself. He became very thoughtful of political matters, but of one thing he was very certain. He was a Union man.

The town was going on in the same established way, schools growing, social life improving, young women eagerly searching Godey's Ladies Book to determine the size of hoopskirts, young men concerned about the height of boot-heels and sporting with unabated ardor, gold toothpicks on their watch guards. The Overland stage came regularly, bringing outside papers and a general spirit of outside life, besides giving me a chance to race from the rise of ground north of town on my Indian pony, Nelly Bly, with the galloping triple teams of the stage. No cross-saddle riding then. On my own little side-saddle, hair flying, exultation in my eyes, I waited the sound of the stage horn, being certain of a whoop-la! from the passengers who had been informed by the driver. I prudently stopped just short of home, just as well Mother did not see.

About that time, Father was appointed by the President one of a committee of three to appraise the Delaware Indian lands, and later the Sac and Fox lands. The first appointment he accepted, but headquarters being in Kansas where he could see first hand the terrible political condition there, and the general threat over the country at large, he declined the second commission--feeling that he was needed at home.

Coming home he found everything still sweet and calm, contrasting with the world outside. The almost defunct Whig party and the split of the great Democratic party gave the Republicans a dangerous strength, and truculent South Carolina, that had been threatening and defying the Government, was again talking in a menacing tone of secession. If Lincoln--the horrible, uncouth rail-splitter, as he was called--were nominated, South Carolina would sever her connection with the United States. She did not say if he were elected, but if he were nominated, knowing that nomination meant election.

Lincoln was nominated and South Carolina kept her word. On December 20, 1860 with a carefully selected convention, South Carolina was voted a free and independent state--a sovereign state.

There was no Andrew Jackson then to say, "By the Eternal the Union shall be preserved," and to send a fleet of war vessels into the Charleston harbor to tell her to behave herself.

Later when she and the six sister states that had followed her lead formed a separate and independent Government, the Southern Confederacy, they sent a Commission to Washington to treat with the United States and demand that the fort in the Charleston harbor be removed. The president, Buchanan, referred the matter to Congress.

It is not necessary to go into the well known history of that time, further than to notice the effect on this story.

In February, 1861, the governor of Arkansas called a convention to consider the matter of secession from the general government. That the four delegates to this convention from Washington County were Union men can be verified from letters in the old chest, and the sentiment of the convention at large was against secession--ignoring the arguments of the emissaries sent by South Carolina and Georgia, and finally voting two-thirds against secession.

Judge David Walker of Fayetteville, at that time Judge of the Supreme Court of the State of Arkansas, and later a member of the Confederate cabinet, was president of the convention. He was a Union man, and E. C. Boudinot, later a delegate from the rebel part of the Cherokee Nation to the Confederacy, was secretary of the convention. He was sending daily reports of the proceedings of the convention to Father, the reports being still in the old chest, as are letters from Judge Walker.

But things were moving rapidly. In August, after South Carolina had fired on Sumter and the ships carrying supplies to the starving inmates of the fort sunk, and President Lincoln had called for an army of seventy thousand men, another meeting of the Arkansas convention was called, at which the same emissaries from South Carolina and Georgia came shouting "Coercion! Coercion!" and the whole convention with the exception of one man, voted for secession. That one man was Isaac Murphy, later governor of the state of Arkansas in 1864.

During the interval of the two meetings of the conventions someone gave Mr. Boudinot an eagle, a real, alive American eagle. These men, watching a terrible fight going on in the air between a hawk and this eagle, saw the eagle, being worsted, fall to the ground, stunned. The men captured it and bringing it to Fayetteville, gave it to Mr. Boudinot. Having no place to put his unique gift, he asked Father to put it in a large chicken coop on his place so that the people might see a sure-enough, real, alive "E Pluribus Unum" eagle, that had somehow lost its way down in the Ozarks.

People from far and near came to see it, men, women and children. It was carefully measured from "tip to tip," was talked over, wondered over, as such things will be in small communities and caused general interest for several days.

One day Father came from town, evidently excited. On Mother's asking the cause, he answered: "A telegram has just reached town--this 6th day of May, 1861--saying that the state has seceded. I came to set the eagle free. Not for one moment would I keep a United States eagle confined in the air of a traitorous state."

Opening the door to the coop, the great bird, weakened by confinement, slowly made its way out, staggered around awkwardly for a few moments, made several ineffectual efforts to fly, then finally spread its wings and flew to the top of the cupola of a school building across the street. There it remained for some time, preening its feathers, testing its strength, then with a slow, graceful lifting of the wings, arose from the cupola and beat its way straight for the north.

After freeing the eagle, Father was still excited. He walked the floor, sometimes Mother walked with him. Robert Graham came from across the street and the three talked together. But Father could not keep still. He was up walking again. "I didn't believe it could happen," he said.

Mr. Graham got up and laid his hands on Father's shoulders. He said, "Jonas, Jonas, be quiet. I can understand better than you. Their arguments are very convincing. I sometimes think, had it not been for your unionism--your terrible unionism--I might have been convinced myself."

Then Father went into the library and wrote the last business letter recorded in his "pressbook."

"Fayetteville, Ark.,
May 6th, 1861

Messrs. Davis and Birney:
Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen:

Your favor of the 13 ult., inclosing to me for collection a note executed by ***** of Fort Smith ***** received.

I will collect the note as rapidly as possible but nothing can be done in the present condition of public affairs. Indeed, it would hardly be prudent to make an effort. Our state convention assembled yesterday and I suppose by today 12 o'clock the ordinance of secession has been passed. Arkansas in folly and madness hurries on to destruction. We have everything to lose, nothing to gain in secession, but come what may, the interests which you have committed to my hands shall be attended to with the strictest fidelity, and every dollar collected will be remitted as opportunity offers.

God defend the right! With best wishes

Your friend and still your fellow citizen,

J. M. Tebbetts."

At this time, though politics was agitating the country generally, Fayetteville, so far from rail and water lines of travel, lay quiet, beautiful and serene, with no thought that active strife of war would reach her. History of the rebellion, however, shows that some of the earliest, hardest and most decisive fighting was in northwest Arkansas and Missouri. A change was coming.

The day of frank expression was past. Persons looked askance at those they met. A friend of yesterday might be a foe of today; so men looked into the faces of their fellow men with questioning eye and words were carefully chosen. Even children had been taught a silent caution, listening, but saying little, though their vocabulary grew rich in new words--coercion, subjugation, abolition, secession, states rights, negro equality, black Republican, recruits, volunteers and so on.

This wealth of new words was sometimes confusing. Hale electrified the family one day by reporting a lot of "revolvers" had been found in the old potato patch, which proved on investigation to be volunteer potatoes that had benefited by the mild winter.

Also, I told of a horrible creature up north--a "black Republican" half man and half gorilla, named Abe Lincoln.

Then one day we reported the hearing of an unusual and fascinating sound that proved to be that of a fife and drum.

It was now the spring of 1861. Lincoln had not only been nominated but elected and inaugurated. Sumter had been fired upon and had fallen, and Arkansas with other hesitating states had joined the first seven by cancelling allegiance with the Union, and was now united with them in a mad rush to add another to their number--to force Missouri into the Confederacy.

Fayetteville, on the main line of travel, soon had war and all the paraphernalia of war, early in the struggle. It became inured to war--to the sight of war--the sound of war--the smell of war.

The town was soon made a southern military post. Great stores of pork and beef and supplies generally had been gathered in. All the mills, far and near, were confiscated and run at top speed, day and night, for the use of the army. The great Overland Mail stables were full of Confederate horses, the Female Institute across the street from our place, converted into an arsenal.

The town rapidly filled with soldiers. The northwestern part of the state was so largely loyal to the Government that it was thought best to bring in troops from more southern points to assist in the intended subjugation of Missouri. The Homestead Rifles from the southern part of the state were encamped near us, and two regiments--one from Mississippi and one from Louisiana, the Imberville Grays and the Pelican Rifles--were on the college campus, not more than a square and a half away. One of these regiments was in new, immaculate confederate uniforms, almost the only full regiment I recall seeing in full Confederate gray.

These men were supposed to be of the flower of their states, many of the officers having their colored body servants, and they wore ostrich plumes on their hats. One captain is recalled who wore his hair in carefully curled ringlets such as little girls used to wear. Texas Rangers, Indian troops and so on and so on, dotted around everywhere, coming and going, forever milling back and forth, day and night. Great artillery wagons that shook the house as they passed, rattling commissary wagons, the tramp, tramp of infantry, the thud of horses' feet, the rattle of saber and spurs, and the odors, always a smell of straw and leather and horses. Soldiers were everywhere for months and months. There was no getting away from them, as they concentrated before starting north to meet the Federals at Wilson's Creek in battle on August 10, 1861.

One day Hale and I were busy at some play on the back porch when a slight noise attracted our attention. Looking up, we saw Mother cautiously closing a door, through which she had just come. Putting her fingers to her lips as a signal for silence, she beckoned to us. Wonderingly, we went to meet her when she said in a low voice, "Children, come with me into the guest room. I want you to hear something you will never forget."

Cautiously she opened the door and ushered us into a darkened room, shutters locked and curtains drawn, and from the uncanny light of one candle we saw a large United States flag stretched on the floor, beside which sat Father, cross-legged, and beside him his neighbor and friend, Robert Graham. He held a candle, the reflection of which fell on the pages of a book in Father's hands.

We children took our places on the floor beside the flag when in a subdued voice, though clear and incisive, Father said:

"Children, this is the 4th day of July, 1861. I want you to remember that you heard your father read the 'Declaration of Independence' on this day; and it is my wish that you either read aloud or hear read aloud this great paper on every 4th of July that comes into your life. Also, I want you to remember that during this stress of war and danger, your father and mother are still loyal to this flag before you and to the government for which it stands."

Then in a low voice that intoned like a bell, he began: "When in the course of human events..." and so on, to the glorious end.

Listening, not knowing why, I felt uplifted as when in church a vibrant voice delivers a sermon beyond a child's comprehension. The music, the rhythm, held my attention, and though not fully understanding, looking into Father's earnest face and Mother's, so white and drawn, I was satisfied.

The picture of that moment has gone through my life. The faint light, the flag, two dignified men sitting on the floor, looking into each other's eyes, with hands clasped, the free hand of each resting on the flag, and one beautiful woman with eyes uplifted as if in supplication, tears streaming unheeded down her face. They knew what they were sacrificing for that flag. Home, friends, fortune, ambition--all they had striven and labored for for years. Even life itself was endangered, yet there in that darkened room, with the muffled sound of a belligerent army around them, they had taken a silent oath to the flag and all it represented.

We children did not forget. Looking back over eighty years since then, it is known that some of the family always met on that day to keep the promise. In earlier days, when the young members of the family were out for a 4th of July frolic, no matter how late they returned at night, Father and Mother were lying awake with the book between them and the children lined up on the sides of the bed and listened noddingly, while Father read the Declaration of Independence.

Now! Ah, now! On July 4, 1941, a "last leaf" clung to the family tree alone, tears bedimmed her eyes, as she opened the old book, but that made no difference. She knew the text and she read aloud. If she is here next 4th of July, she will again sit alone with the old book in her hand and read aloud the Declaration of Independence in memory of the promise made 80 years ago.

NOTES FROM THE SECRETARY'S DESK

The WCHS supply of our past publications has been increased in several instances, by members returning their FLASHBACKS for re-sale to institutions and members attempting to fill in and complete a 20-year file. These members include Mrs. Carman Fish, Mrs. Presley Feild of Little Rock, and Col. E. A. Rudelius of Avoca.

To the memory of his wife, who was a daughter of W. S. Moore of Cane Hill and at one time operator of the Cane Hill mill, Col. Rudelius presented all his FLASHBACKS, together with a few booklets, to WCHS. Visiting with the Colonel at Avoca to pick up this material, he gave the Society two pictures. The first is a painting of Cane Hill College by her father at a time when he was only 19 years old and the College was a two-story frame building; the second is a photograph in oval frame under oval glass of Captain J. P. Carnahan, another pioneer of Cane Hill and close relative of Mrs. Rudelius. These latter items will either be hung in the Society's new office building or in Headquarters House museum. Thanks, Col. Rudelius.

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Mrs. Marjorie Quayle, living east of Greenland across the river, presented to the Society an English coffee pot and a Swiss foot-warmer (for use in a buggy) which were brought into this country about 1825. Thanks, Mrs. Quayle.

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From Mrs. O. Eggebrecht of Wausau, Wisc., a sister of the late W. J. Lemke, we have received a few items including some FLASHBACKS, booklets, Arkansas U Razorbacks and a copy of "Uncle Walt's" Masters Thesis which was written May 3, 1928 under the title "The Advocate Problem of the Methodist Episcopal Church." Another is under the caption "15 Years in the Basement of Old Main" by Mr. Lemke during the time he was head of the U of A's Journalism Department at this location.

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The Washington County Historical Society has spread some 4,800 brochures advertising Headquarters House within a 100-mile area. One is enclosed with this issue of FLASHBACK. We have on hand another 2,500 which will be distributed before Headquarters House is open to the public in 1971. Any organization can see it anytime if we are given advance notice. For a half-dollar, among other things you will see a piano made in 1815, a canteen carried at the Battle of Prairie Grove by Dr. W. B. Welch who was founder of Fayetteville City Hospital, or a complete set of horse shoes: racing caps, mule, ice--well, at least there are 24 of them and they were made by a local man in the two-story rock building (now replaced by the Ozark Theatre) which was the Butterfield Stage Stop in Fayetteville.

GENEALOGY SECTION

COX

A book "Early Settlers of Cane Hill" was given to me recently. I enjoyed it very much, but was disappointed that some of the things written on my family are incorrect. None of my family lives there now to give information, so I guess it was easy to make a mistake. I'd like to correct these. This book seems to be a very popular one and it's a shame to have it incorrect.

On page 33 is the Cox connection. It starts with Coleman, who was my great-great-grandfather. I am a descendant of his 2nd wife, Polly (Ellen Youngblood), whom he married in 1828. It says they had a daughter, Amy, who married Jim Reed, who served as sheriff of Washington County for a while. Amy Cox was the daughter of Andrew Y. Cox and Marguarett Fanny Williamson. She did marry James Reed Sept. 24, 1882. She was born April 30, 1860, died Nov. 18, 1930, and is buried at Claremore, Okla. Pearl (Reed) Jackson and Jack Reed, who passed away in February of this year, are her children.

Amy was a twin sister to my grandfather, Robert Fulton Cox, son of Andrew (Andy) Cox. James Reed was my grandmother's brother--Grandmother Mary E. (Reed) Cox.

Coleman and Polly's daughter was Sarah (Sally) Nunnally Cox, born Nov. 19, 1830, at Cane Hill. She married George Mitchell on July 6, 1848. They had no children. She died July 2, 1857.

Coleman and Polly's son was Ancrew Y. Cox, who was my great grandfather. Andrew Y. Cox, born January 13, 1829, at Cane Hill, married Marguarett Fanny Williamson January 20, 1853, at Russellville, Ark. Their children were:

Mary Elinor	Dec. 9, 1853-July 14, 1875
Coleman Foster	Nov. 16, 1855-June 9, 1937
Sarah	March 20, 1858
Robert F. & Amy	April 30, 1860 (Robert died Sept. 10, 1900)
Doak	Aug. 18, 1862-March 16, 1863

Andrew married Sara Jane Hughey Jan. 4, 1866, after the death of his first wife. Their children were:

Henry	Nov. 23, 1866
Andrew Jack	Aug. 2, 1868
Burwell	Aug. 6, 1871
Joseph L.	Aug. 8, 1875
Maud	Feb. 8, 1877
Ruth	Jan. 13, 1882

All of these children were born on the Andy Cox farm near Evansville.

Robert F. Cox married Mary E. Reed (Feb. 12, 1860) on Jan. 20, 1881, at the home of the bride's parents, Thomas Franklin and Barbara (Wrather) Reed at Boonsboro, Ark.

When Robert F. Had been dead for eight years Mary (Reed) Cox married George H. Buchanan. He was living at Bryan, Texas. His wife and he had several children but none at home. He gave his age as 52; hers was 48. They married at Stillwell, Okla., Oct. 15, 1908. Grandma lived at Bryan, Texas, until her death March 30, 1942. She is buried in the Old Bryan cemetery.

I have a list of their children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren in case anyone would want it.

My father was the oldest son of Robert F. and Mary E. Reed. He was Clifford Andrew Franklin, born October 14, 1881. He married Agatha Scraper (b. Sept. 2, 1886) on February 24, 1903 at Van Buren, Arkansas. Agatha Scraper was the daughter of William H. and Rachel (Rhoades) Scraper, her family having come from Indiana in the Wagon Train of '78 (1878) from Petersburg, Indiana. They lived at Evansville until 1888 and then moved to a farm near Morrow.

Grandma's mother, Caroline (Teague) Rhoades, came in the same Wagon Train. She is buried at Antioch cemetery, as is Grandma Scraper. So are my mother and father.

On page 37 of the book "Pioneers of Cane Hill" it states that Clifford Cox moved to California long ago. My father died near Morrow Sept. 20, 1920, and had been living in Oklahoma. He had a well drilling outfit and had been drilling wells and also farmed over there near Ada. My father came back to Arkansas when he got real sick because he wanted to be buried with his ancestors.

All of his children except two did make California their home. Clifford and Agatha had eight children:

1. Robert L. Cox b. Sept. 15, 1904 at Evansville, Ark.
   d. May 5, 1956, is buried at Naval Cemetery, San Diego, Calif.
2. Virgia Rachel b. March 18, 1906 at Evansville. Attended high school and University at Fayetteville, Ark., now lives at Salinas, Calif.
3. Lester H. b. June 11, 1908 at Evansville, Ark. Had business in Los Angeles, Calif. Died June 19, 1960 and buried at Inglewood Cemetery, Los Angeles, Calif.

The following children were born in Oklahoma:

4. Velma b. Sept. 6, 1912. Teaches school and lives in Salinas, Calif.
5. Harword A. b. Nov. 29, 1910; d. Nov. 30, 1910.
6. Mary Jewell b. Dec. 25, 1914. Lives at Enid, Okla.
7. Bonnie b. Nov. 8, 1916. Lives at Riverside, Calif.
8. Burwell Clifford b. June 13, 1920. Lives in East Long Meadow, Mass.; in finance and loan business.

Father of Coleman Cox was John Cox, and he was a Captain in the Revolutionary War. I have his record from the National Archives. Both he and son, Coleman, were born near Martinsville, Va. They moved to Bowling Green, Kentucky in 1787. His mother was Sarah Nunnally.

John and Sarah (Nunnally) Cox are buried in Bowling Green, Kentucky.

Just to clear up the mystery.

My cousin, Mary Cox of Sanderson, Texas, is gathering information for a book on this line. I will send one when we get it finished.

Yours truly, Bonnie (Cox) Sellers
Riverside, Calif.

BARRON

Please advise requirements and dues to join your organization. I'm interested in information regarding my great-grandfather, one Joseph Barron who migrated from middle Tennessee about 1850, according to my father, the late W. G. Barron of Fayetteville and Rogers, Arkansas. I only know he homesteaded near Prairie Grove. Do not know his wife's name or the name of his parents. One son, William Marion, was my grandfather.

Lena Barron Cannon
504 E. Nettleton Ave.
Jonesboro, Arkansas

BRANCHCOMB

I am writing you as I am interested in family history. According to a land deed I have, the following were in your county in 1911: F. F. Branchcomb and wife Florence; Oscar Branchcomb; and S. U. and E. Maud (Branchcomb) Norwood. All the Branchcombs were children of Daniel and Mary Francis (Gentle) Branchcomb. All lived in Jefferson County, Illinois prior to going to Arkansas around 1900. Mary Francis (Gentle) Branchcomb was the daughter of my great-great-grandparents, John and Francis (Parrish) Gentle who lived in Jefferson County, Illinois.

Any information that you may be able to send, or who I could write to to get information on this family will be greatly appreciated. I would like to have names and dates as much as possible for all.

Sincerely yours, Harry A. Parkhill
1094 South 5th Avenue
Kankakee, Ill. 60901

BREEDLOVE-SAUNDERS-GAGE

Would like information on part of my father's family. My grandmother, Mira (Breedlove) Gage Silkwood Saunders, lived in Evansville, Arkansas area for some time. She is a full sister to

John W. Breedlove of that area and later of Muldrow, Oklahoma and Fort Smith, Ark. He was well-known. His wife was Carrie Bruton. Dr. Bruton, her father, was doctor to Indians for two years by government appointment. (Aunt) Carrie Bruton is from Chisholm family that created the Chisholm cattle trail (Cherokee).

Simpson Breedlove, born in 1817 in Alabama married Sarah Hicks, born 1822; six children:

Martha S.	Age 10, female	(From 1850 Census
Nancy	Age 8, female	(
Mira	Age 6, female (my grandmother)	(
Harrison	Age 5, male	(
Elizabeth	Age 3, female	(
John W.	Age 2, male (my great uncle)	(Green Co., Mo.

Simpson Breedlove was a Confederate soldier and was released by the Confederate army as he was sick with Bright's disease. Captured at his home by Federal army, imprisoned in Gratiot Prison, St. Louis, Mo. His statements are that "he had six children." He stated he had two sons-in-law in the Confederate army and some cousins. (Statement of May 22, 1863) His daughter Mira was approximately 19 years old at the time. Mira married a Gage; one son by marriage. Her husband died and I am trying to find out if the records of Arkansas show a Gage soldier (Confederate army) from the Evansville, Ark. area. If the records show such a soldier it would give his initials or full name, age, etc. His first initial would be "W" for William or Wilson as the son of that marriage married and one of his sons is named (Wilson) Otway Gage also. I have known him as "Uncle Will" or "Bill", son of Mira.

After Mira's husband, Gage, died (where? when?) she married my grandfather, Thomas (P?) Silkwood and had two sons by second marriage: Tom, and my father, Author "Diah" Silkwood, named after an uncle Oberdiah. My dad was generally known as A. D. Silkwood. Dad was the younger of two Silkwood sons. He was born October 12, 1877 in Cook County, Gainsville, Texas. His father died, he said, when he could hardly remember him, probably at his age three or four, possibly in 1880 or 1881.

He told me his mother Mira and his brothers Tom and Will and he went to the Nowata country, somewhere north of Muldrow, Okla. and he grew up there, riding a lot for his Uncle John W. Breedlove and Aunt Carrie.

John W. Breedlove was a school teacher after going to school in Arkansas. After he married Carrie Bruton and two years of teaching by both, they went into ranching and farming. John W. Breedlove was a co-founder of Muldrow, Okla. He also was well known in Fort Smith, Ark. where he died in May 18, 1904. The family, Aunt Carrie and children, moved back to Muldrow area. She died in December 18, 1933.

Third marriage of Mira was to a Walter Saunders or Sanders; one daughter, Hattie.

Question: Where did Hattie Saunders or Sanders marry Walter Saunders? Where was Hattie born? Mira Breedlove Gage Silkwood Saunders died 1904 in Claremore, Okla. Her daughter, Hattie, died in Colorado Springs, Colorado, around 1906 or earlier. I have checked her death date.

I had contacted by phone in Oakland, Calif. a second son of Mira's son, Uncle Will Gage. He said he was born in Evansville, Ark. He was to write me; he never did, and I can't seem to find out if he is still living since a year ago.

This information I have from my mother's records.

The Gage grandchildren:

Jessie Gage, born Feb. 23, 18--. Now deceased, Sonoma Co., Calif.; heart attack years ago.
Walter Gage, born July 7, 1885, Evansville, Ark.
Wilson Otway Gage, born Nov. 19, 1889
Grace Gage, born Dec. 24, 1902
Maude Gage, July 7, 1905.

I believe all children are still living except Jessie. Possibly Walter died; he would be about 75 now and has never answered any of my letters as yet. He is married and has children in Oakland, Calif. Wilson Otway Gage lives in Orange, Orange Co., Calif. and has two daughters, one married and one a missionary. He is a broker and realtor. Grace has children; lives in Napa, Calif. Maude's whereabouts are unknown; she is still living, I believe.

This Gage family lived in Oakland, Calif. many years where Uncle Bill Gage was a conductor for the railroad.

Uncle Bill Gage (son of Mira's first marriage to ? Gage) married my aunt Elizabeth Shasteen, whose father was John Shasteen. Aunt Betty said the raiders came through and shot her father and mother and burned the ranch and ran all the stock off. She was hiding in some brush where her mother sent her. The date for this must have been around 1865 or just before or after. It is possible it happened in Arkansas as the Gages, Silkwoods, Breedloves, Saunders were all in that area the same time or period.

I am trying to fill in some gaps of family of the Gages in Evansville, Ark. connected with Mira Breedlove.

I have the Silkwood family from my father, A. D. Silkwood, straightened out, I believe, back to early 1800s.

As my father served in the Spanish War and the Boxer Rebellion in Peking, China, he was out in 1901. Married my mother in Colorado Springs, Colo., November 17, 1901. He went there looking for his half-sister, Hattie Saunders.

The Gage family (Mira's first son) and his family were there also, and I have established the time as about 1906 or later.

They then went to the Los Angeles area for a period. My only recollection of many years where we lived near and saw much of one another was Oakland, Calif. as we lived in Oakland, Alameda, and San Francisco. As we grew up we drifted apart as families often do, and I have lost track of much of the family.

If you wish I can furnish many notes on Simpson and Sarah Breedlove in the early period, and his son, John W. and Carrie Bruton, which you probably have.

The Thomas Silkwood family left the Evansville area for Howe, Texas, about 1875, along with his oldest daughter's family (Barretts) as Tom and Dad were both born in Texas where Mira married Tom (P?) Silkwood, if she had not married him before leaving Evansville after Gage died. She returned to Indian Territory, possibly in 1880 or 1881.

I would be glad to correspond with anyone able to help out on any names mentioned in this letter. I was born Feb. 3, 1904 in Greenlake, Washington. There were four girls and four boys in our family. My father visited with a Hicks in Visalia for many years. Could have been a cousin. Hicks had a ranch in the early 1900s in Los Angeles. They walked from the ranch to hunt ducks in the Tule Lake, which is now McArthur Park at 5th and Alvarado Streets.

He also visited a Leach in Vacaville; said he was a cousin. His wife was Lizzie Leach, and they had three or four boys and a girl. This was prior to 1920. One son I knew well was named Carl Leach. He was an optometrist in Los Angeles.

A. F. Silkwood
4407 Old Alturas Road
Redding, Calif. 96001

CLARK-BERRY

I had just folded up my Clark research when your letter came. I am still hoping I can find data I need from your county for our "Cherokee Nation Clarks" after 1887 and 1889 to 1900, and Berrys who went into Cherokee Nation ca. 1889-1890. In an old "memo" book I have the Berrys at Cincinnati, Ark. in 1889.

Mrs. John D. Clark
3390 Delaware
Beaumont, Texas 77703

ENYART

Thank you for your reply to the note I left on your door. The man in Shiloh Museum in Springdale gave me your name and the address of Headquarters House, and a very nice lady next door to Headquarters House gave me your home address. I had hoped to come up last Wednesday to join and talk to you personally, but one of my children came down with the mumps! That was my last

chance to visit the area in person as we are moving to Dallas area soon and I have no transportation now. Enclosed is my check for membership in the Washington County Historical Society.

Is it possible to obtain information that you have on the Enyart family? I have searched FLASHBACKS from 1952 to as far as your index covered, but have no way of knowing what you may have after that. FLASHBACKS are not available in Fort Smith library (though maybe after new library is completed.) Is it possible to obtain the quarterly which just came out? While digging for information on Enyarts I have become interested in the history of the area, too.

My grandmother told me a story when I was small, about her mother going out with her mother and sisters to hunt for edible plants in nearby areas because they had no food (during Civil War). Because of this I had grown up thinking they had come from the deep South, so was surprised to find out they had been in Arkansas during that time. But after reading the history of the area and about the battles of Pea Ridge and Prairie Grove, I can well believe that happened!

My main problem is connecting my grandmother with her parents. I know she was born in Habberton in February 1894 and married my grandfather Aldrich in California, approximately 1911-1912. So sometime between those dates the family left Arkansas, but I don't know her parents' names. I do know there were four or five Enyarts in Goshen township in the 1880 census. But I have no way of connecting her with them. That is why I was interested in the lady (Mrs. E. C. Dutton, Pico Rivera, Calif.) who said she was granddaughter to Stephen. The few details she gave tie in with my grandmother's story. She may be my great-aunt!

I am also very interested in Mr. Steve Jett who showed you the land grant. With information on that grant, there was a statement about "40 acres of family's large holdings dated some years after the family's arrival in Washington County." This statement I find very interesting as I can only find record of 120 acres land patent in Walker's papers (October '55, page 20) and 1840 census was earliest record I could find before the mention of this 1838 land grant. So, if you know what that statement refers to, I would appreciate knowing. Do you want any information I have? Being new at this record searching, I probably don't have anything you don't already have!

I plan to do Aldrich family, too, and was very pleased to find the man at the museum in Springdale had heard of my great grandfather, Fred Aldrich. (They aren't even from Arkansas!) Nearly all my information on Enyarts is from Census, Goodspeed's History and your FLASHBACKS.

Sincerely, Mrs. Wendell Craig
524 North 35th
Fort Smith, Ark. 72901

HAMILTON-STORY

I am interested in the Hamilton and Story families. Would be interested in any leads you might be able to give me. My Grandfather James Daniel Hamilton was born in Cane Hill in 1844.

Yours truly, Mrs. James Rutledge
423 Wellesley S. E.
Albuquerque, N. Mex. 87106

HAWS

I am a descendant of the early Haws settlers of Washington County, Arkansas. My ancestor, Thomas Russell Haws, lived in this county as early as 1876.

Can you suggest members of your society or residents of Washington County who may be interested in exchanging information about the Haws line? I will greatly appreciate any suggestions that would further my search for additional information on my Haws line.

Sincerely, Barbara Haws Angerman
P. O. Box 7
Wrangell, Alaska 99929

McLAIN-DIKES-PALMER

I am writing this letter on the chance that one of your members has traced their family and can give me some clues to trace my ancestors. I have more or less hit a stone wall on the paternal side of my family. My grandfather was George Wesley McClain, son of John C. McLain and Nancy Dikes. His wife was Laura Palmer. They lived in Fayetteville from 1890 to 1900 (or earlier). Three sons are supposed to have been born there: William Wesley, Feb. 10, 1892; Frank (deceased in childhood, dates unknown); Roy Robert, March 10, 1898. We are told the courthouse burned so there is no confirming these dates.

I need help tracing Nancy Dikes' family and Laura Palmer's family. I know the John McLains immigrated from Illinois, but little else. I would appreciate corresponding with persons who can help me.

Most sincerely, Laura Spalding
16378 Avenue 344
Visalia, California 93277

MODRELL

I am looking for old records about my father and grandparents which I need for legal purposes. My grandfather's name was George W. Modrell, my grandmother, Christine Garrett Modrell, and my father Henry Campbell Modrell. I understand they lived in or near Fayetteville in the late 1870s to around 1895.

Marguerite V. Holmes
Route 1
Humptulips, Wash. 98552

MORRELL

We are attempting to locate the grave of a great-uncle, a Union soldier, who died at Little Rock in 1865. We were informed while on a visit to Little Rock last spring that many bodies of Union soldiers were moved to National cemeteries at Fort Smith and Fayetteville after the war.

His name was Emmet Morrell and his enlistment would have been from Iowa, possibly from Jasper or Benton County.

We would appreciate it very much if you would check your records and inform us if his grave is there. If his burial site is confirmed, we plan to visit there in the spring. Any assistance you can give will be greatly appreciated.

Yours very truly, Mrs. L. F. Terrell
827 Lincoln Avenue
St. Paul Park, Minn. 55071

PYEATT

Will you please help me if you can. I am looking for information on my grandparents, Henderson M. Pyeatt and his wife, Emeline Marrs Pyeatt. They both died in Arkansas about 1864 or 1865. I want to know of what they died and where they are buried. Any kind of information on either of them will mean so much to me. I have an item saying Henderson enlisted in Civil War at Cane Hill. My mother, Della (Adelia) Pyeatt and her brother, Newt Pyeatt, are children of Henderson and Emeline. Henderson and Emeline died, leaving the two little children who were raised by an aunt. That is why I do not know anything about my grandparents. I would also like information on the year my mother was born. I have always thought she was born 1861 but census records from Arkansas figures out 1863.

If you can help me with any of my problems I will deeply appreciate it. I want this information for family history records. If I can get a death record I thought it might tell of what Henderson and Emeline died. If you don't have information would you please advise me where I may be able to get help. Thank you so much.

Sincerely, Mrs. T. D. Goodwin
Box 1112
Blanket, Texas 76432

ROBERTSON

I am seeking information on John Robertson who married Priscilla ? and moved to Washington County in 1845:

John Robertson, b. 1803 d. 1884 Washington Co., Arkansas	Priscilla ? Robertson, b. 1808 (she died 7 months later) Washington County, Arkansas

They had 12 children and I have the following information:

Susan Ann, b. July 10, 1833 in Tenn., m. Benjamin F. Boone:
d. Nov. 3, 1906 Nov. 25, 1852
(Both are buried in Boone family cemetery at Elkins)

Eliza, married a Sharp
Margaret, married a Daniels
Thomas H.
R. J.

If you have access to information on this family I shall be very pleased to hear from you. Also, do you have pictures in your file of Benjamin F. Boone and Dr. James Monroe Boone? I have a picture of Lafayette Boone. Of course we wouldn't part with it, but if anyone is interested we would be glad to have a negative made. I have had excellent results with these pictures and it is inexpensive.

Sincerely, Mrs. John H. Harrington
Route 2
Frisco, Texas 75034

SHANNON-McKINNEY

I have received a letter from Mrs. Lena Roy of Long Beach, California. Thought you might want this information for your article about the Shannons so am sending a copy of the letter. I have written Mrs. Roy and hope she can furnish further information on this Shannon family or refer me to other members who might have something.

I now have three Shannon families who lived in Washington County, Arkansas. Do not know how, or if, these families are related. They are: (1) Isaac Shannon, b 1899 in Kentucky and married Jamima Black; their children were Margaret Jane Shannon, James Houston Shannon, William H. Shannon and John L. Shannon; (2) James T. Shannon - shown in the enclosed letter; and (3) Hugh Shannon, birthdate and wife's name unknown and only two of his children known at the present although the 1830 census shows a large family. His two sons: Granville B. Shannon, born 1801 in Kentucky and Alexander Shannon born 1813 in Kentucky.

While in Fayetteville in July, I told you of hearing from Mr. Malcolm J. Shannon, a member of WCHS. He says he is planning on coming to Lincoln and Tulsa in October. He is a descendant of Isaac Shannon and is working on that family.

So far, these two are the only people who have written as a result of the inquiry in FLASHBACK. Hope an article will bring more.

When you have space in FLASHBACK, would you run an inquiry concerning the McKinneys? Would like to correspond with descendants of Martha J. and James or John McKinney. Martha was Martha J. Shannon, daughter of Alexander Shannon. The 1880 census shows

James (age 33) and Marja J. (age 34) and their children: Wm. A., age 11; James E., age 10; Thomas F., age 7; Charles M., age 6; and George V., age two months. Another source (Greer Family Reminiscences) says Martha J. Shannon married John McKinney and had five boys whose names were William, Eddie, Charles, Bryant and Elmer. Mr. Greer says, "Aunt Mat, as we always called her, married John McKinney and they had five boys--William, the oldest is dead; Eddie, Charles, Bryant and Elmer, all living in Texas the last we knew of them."

Sincerely, Mrs. Kenneth R. Taylor
5424 E. 17th Street
Tulsa, Oklahoma 74112

Dear Mrs. Taylor:

My cousin Virginia (Funkhouser) Douglas (Mrs. Chas. H. Douglas) as you may know her, of St. Louis, Mo. sent me your name. Said you were getting or collecting information on the Shannon family for the Historical Society of Wash. Co. Arkansas. She thought I might be able to add something to the list.

My grandfather was James T. Shannon (Jim) born July 15, 1834 in southwest Arkansas. He had one sister Louisa (Shannon) Barker and several half-sisters. His parents were originally from Shannon, Ireland. Owned large farms on the Shannon River in Ireland.

After coming to America settled near Ft. Smith or a small town--I can't recall the name. They had big fine farms on the Arkansas River and Fly Creek or Cove Creek. My grandfather's father died when Grandpa was a very small boy. His mother remarried a man named Price.

My grandfather was married to Artemisea (from Mobile, Ala.) Barker in 1857. They homesteaded 110 acres, one mile south of Summers, Ark. This home was kept in the family until August, 1939. Grandfather enlisted 1862 in the service and fought in the Civil War three long years; all that I can recall was that he belonged to Co. C. My grandmother Artemisea Shannon had a hard time during those three years. She and her negro woman first tried staying in their home, the farm in the valley, but the Northern army came through and took almost all they owned--cows, hogs, chickens, all the horses except one blind old mare. The Captain made my grandmother and her negro mammie cook everything they had in the home--they cooked all day and night till every dust of flour and etc. was gone. They were left to starve, but unharmed. Their life was in danger in the home, they had to flee to the mountains and lived in a small log cabin. They raised garden and enough corn to have bread once a day. They took the corn in a sack on this old blind mare to a little mill to be ground. At one time the food was all gone; for three days they did not eat but did a lot of praying. The third day my grandmother awoke very happy. She dreamed where they had hid some corn; she went right to the spot and the corn was there, in a hollow stump. She had two little children and the negro woman had two or three little ones.

My grandfather suffered many hardships, fought in many battles. During the three years he was away, there was no mail delivery in the country, very little in the cities. Grandmother did not know if he were dead or alive, except for one furlough. He fought in the battle at Prairie Grove, Ark. (also the battle at Pea Ridge, Ark.) and was allowed three days furlough to go home because it was so near home, while they were preparing for the battle. Then he went back for the fighting and my grandmother could hear the cannons day and night. How terrible! She did not know if he survived until nine or ten months later when the war ended.

Grandpa was discharged in one of the southern states--I believe Georgia--and he walked home in the snow (just a light snow) barefoot. He was not wounded, but the hard years of exposure ruined his health. He passed away July 1896. When he and grandmother left the mountain cabin to go to their home, they found the Northern army were keeping fine horses in their house (in the living room). When they saw a horse head in the window they had to slip away for fear of the men. Later they went back to clean their house which was terrible. They did not have any soap. Used white sand from the creek to scrub the floors. They were very poor--only their home left. The next year they had a team and grandfather drove to Texas for a sack of flour. They had biscuits on Sunday morning for a treat. War is a terrible thing. I do not believe in slavery, but seems freedom should have been made in a more civilized way. Their negroes were well treated and loved my grandparents.

Mrs. Taylor, I don't know if any of this is what you can use. If not, just toss it out. I am sorry I did not get more details about my grandfather's paper, Co., etc. I did not realize when I was a child hearing about their awful experiences, that I should record dates, etc.

I don't know if you want the names of their children. If so, they are as follows:

1. James Grey Shannon, born 1858
   His children were Lillie Mae (Shannon) Lance. Deceased.
   Faye (Shannon) Cecil - Hobbs, N. Mex.
   Offie L. Shannon - Sudan, Texas
   Velma (Shannon) Harmon - Amherst, Texas
2. Lizzie Dee (Shannon) Wortham. Deceased
   James Creed Wortham. Deceased
3. Mary Helen (Shannon) Smith. Deceased (My mother)
   Long Beach, California
   Lena Elsie Smith Roy,
4. Wm. C. Shannon (deceased) - Lincoln, Ark.
   Gladys (Shannon) West, Lincoln, Ark.

Thanking you, Mrs. Lena Roy
3960 Locust Avenue
Long Beach, Calif. 90807

STARNS

According to a story I have just learned, George Starns and/or John Starns in about 1852 or 1853 built a grist mill about a mile southwest of Pineville, Missouri, using "burrs" or mill stones they had hauled there from Cane Hill, Arkansas. In 1867, the property was bought by John Wilson from the estate of one of the Starns, which one is not clear.

The original story, I am told, appeared in a publication "Ozark Life" dated in 1961 and was written by J. Dickerson Black. An inquiry to the Arkansas History Commission about the story and publication brought a reply from Mr. John L. Ferguson, State Historian, that he was not acquainted with the journal "Ozark Life" nor the writer J. Dickerson Black. The story was not biographical as to the Starns' and not clear as to whether they were residents of Pineville, Missouri (McDonald County) or were residents of Washington County, Arkansas.

My grandfather was George Starns who died January 30, 1885 and is buried south of Hindsville in Madison County, Arkansas. Also, there was a George Starnes who died November 11, 1946 and is buried near Bluff City in Nevada County, Arkansas. My grandfather, George Starns, was born in 1819 or 1821, according to census records, and obtained a homestead patent in 1876 to 120 acres in Madison County, Arkansas, where he died.

It is my hope that the Washington County Historical Society may have some historical data relative to moving the grist mill or some of its parts to Pineville, Missouri. I solicit any suggestion you might be kind enough to offer regarding my attempt to learn something about George and/or John Starns having moved the grist mill from Cane Hill.

Yours very truly, H. B. Starns
3612 Wayland Drive
Fort Worth, Texas 76133

WALKER

I am seeking information concerning a Mr. Vol Walker whom I understand was a prominent lawyer there some 70 or 80 years ago. I would like to know if he left any descendants or property there. Also, the names of his parents. My father was Charles Walker, born near Fayetteville but left there and moved to Jack County, Texas at the age of 18 years. His father and mother (my grandparents) were John and Rhoda Ann Walker. Could they also be the parents of this Vol Walker? Would also like some information about Vol's brother Wythe and if he left any descendants?

Yours truly, Thomas N. Walker
1309 N. Mary Street
Comanche, Tex. 76442

WALKER

I received my copy of "The Genealogy of the Walter Wilson Family" by Thaddeus Wilson, which I ordered in April and I am very pleased with the information it contains. I believe it will help me.

I sent for a copy of Walker Family Album, hoping I could find a connection, because my maternal grandfather was Jasper Newton Walker, son of Jesse and Sarah (Jane) Wilson. A John Wilson and Elizabeth (Friend) Wilson were parents of Sarah Wilson. The only other information I had on the Wilson family was that Sarah had two sisters, one married ---- Moore, and the other Larkin Newton. This information was given to me by a cousin of my mother's (mother passed away in 1933), and her cousin was 84 at the time (1968) she told me this.

My grandparents, Jasper Newton and Mary Alice (Cantrell) Walker were married August 24, 1876 at Elm Springs, Ark., but I don't know when Jasper Newton Walker came to Ark. He was born in Tenn. March 13, 1852. Ruth Roberts, county clerk of Washington County, said there was a marriage license issued to them and recorded. She also wrote and told me that "Jesse Walker was Administrator of his brother, John Walker's estate. Will was probated in 1858. Jesse and Sarah (Wilson) Walker are both buried in Backbone Cemetery near Old Thornsberry Camp Ground, Elm Springs. Do you have record of burials in that cemetery? I have corresponded with seven people, and have almost complete records of Jesse and Sarah (Wilson) Walker's nine children, and the records of Jasper Newton and Mary Alice (Cantrell) Walker's descendants to present day. They were married 63 years and I have their Walker family Bible. I was born in 1908, so have many clippings, pictures, etc. of theirs. I traced my Cantrell family to 1199 in England, Ireland and France with the help of "Cantrell Genealogy" published in 1908, and belong to D.A.R. on that line.

Sincerely, Mrs. Rylen M. Rudy
3309 East English
Wichita, Kansas 67218

- w c h s -

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